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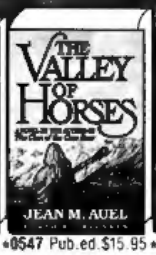

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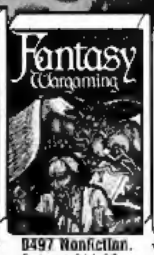

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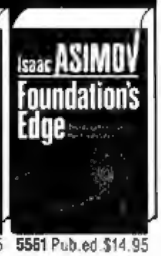

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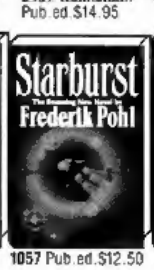

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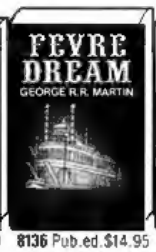

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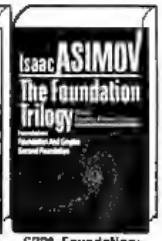

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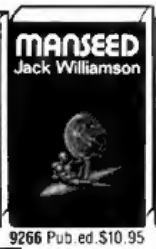

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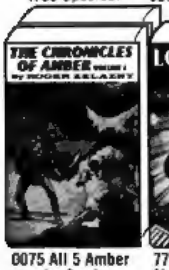

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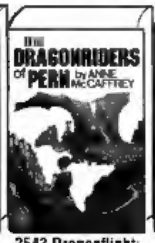

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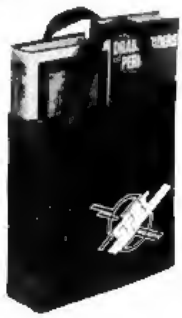

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DOSSIER

Prince keeps his most valuable possessions warm.

Photo by Al Beaulieu

NUVINYL: BLACKLUSTER

This year's twenty-fifth birthday of the Motown record label (complete with smarmy network TV special) brings a thought-parade watusling through this white boy's head about the current state of black pop music. After a decade in the dumper, black pop seems to be finding itself again—and true to form, caucasian chromedomes, such as myself, are busy telling you why.

If the early sixties incursion into (white) mainstream pop awareness by Motown's A-Team represented a renaissance of black American music—the refinement of the viscerally involving, melodically inventive, concise pop statement—then the seventies, armed with glossy, meaningless dance music, was a slick seducer into a new Dark Age. (No pun, assholes.)

With only a couple of exceptions (holdovers from the renaissance, mostly), black pop lost much of its white audience in the seventies—and not without good reason. Diverted into narcissism, show-biz superficiality, and tedious cliché by billions of beckoning bucks, most of the stuff simply sucked. A John Waters nightmare image of the era endures: a line of snappily-attired smiling oreos (with names like "The Canarsies," or "Leroy Melvin and the Limp Nodes"), all dancing and hand-jiving in unison, singing some stupid horseshit about "getting down." Pathetic. Only a paltry handful—Labelle, Chic, the Jacksons, Parliament / Funkadelic—seemed interested in preserving whatever vitality remained in the black mainstream, though even these guys restricted themselves to a narrow emotional spectrum, and remained fundamentally escapist. (A good portion of the late-seventies rock vs. disco antagonism can also be ascribed to shallow-grave racism triggered by cultural symbolism implicit in the music.)

Some of that audience polarization finally seems to be drifting back toward healthy integration, thanks to a Cadillac-load of great records from black artists. More than just convincing honkies to slap record store clerks with five (hell, eight—this *is* 1983), a number of new black vinyl products have also done their bit for cross-cultural insemination and smashing the barriers of genre chauvinism (more symbolic racism—like MTV). It should be pointed out, though, that once again (as in the sixties blues boom most recently) it's taken foreigners to show us whiteys the value of our homegrown music. While the obvious preference white audiences have for black music xeroxed by cute English boys—rather than the stuff from those unruly ruffians who play their tombstone-sized radios loudly in the streets—might be disturbing, it has at least lubricated the way in for the music's originators. Personally, I think George Clinton's much cuter than Boy George, but that's another story.

Most visible on the barricades of commerce recently has been **Michael Jackson**, propelled by the godzilla success of his ***Thriller*** LP (Epic). Not only have Jackson's slick videos trashed MTV's genre/color line (the *West Side Story*-ish "Beat It," and the "Billie—designer—Jean" commercial), but he's also set racism back twenty-five years by inviting three ofay eminences to lend a pink hand on his record (Eddie Van Halen to beat his ax for cowardice on "Beat It," Vincent Price to ham it up hilariously on the title-cut rap, and an embarrassing bit of Paul-and-Paulaing with McCartney on "The Girl Is Mine"). And Jackson has singlehandedly booted dancing *forward* a good century or two—whew! That boy's pelvis must've been designed by NASA engineers! But, the question is, is the record any good? Well, I liked four of the nine songs, which points up black pop's longstanding embrace of the single at the expense of the album, and also Lou's enduring blind spot for squishy ballads (Gag me with a string section!). The four, however, are superlative examples of the state-of-the-art single-making: sensually exhilerating, produced (by Quincy Jones, the Walt Disney of the recording studio) with impeccable style and textural richness, and even some exposure of Mikey's own viewpoint on growing up in public. A stunning piece of work.

Prince is the only other human in the world who dances in the same league with Jackson (someday the two of them might be as good as James Brown). As he proved at a sold-out Radio City show in N.Y.C. recently, Prince is a man in full control of his body, his band, his music, his image, and his audience. Ignoring, for the moment, the suspicions aroused by anyone who aspires to that sort of control, I can at least appreciate the appearance of a thinking human being at work—though far too often, Prince thinks with his balls. Until ***1999*** (Warner Bros.)—his fifth LP (not bad for a twenty-three year old)—I just couldn't stand the schmuck. His music was pregnant with cliches, engorged with neurotic self-obsession, and tumescent with his humorless invocation of the black-macho-stud, I'll-fuck-you-'til-you-gargle-in-my-cum stereotype. Offensive to say the least. With *1999*, Prince-of-whales' shlong-worship recedes into a shared pantheon with mush-minded utoplanism (absurdly hailed by caucasion critics everywhere—if Prince's lyrics had come from the mouth of a long-haired white boy, I'm sure the same clowns would hoot and sneer . . . adolescent gibberish remains such regardless of source). Despite excessive wrongthink, Prince's craftsmanship (both in song architecture and studio etiquette—he does *everything* himself) is exemplary, and *1999* is (excuse the expression) one fuck of a dance/party record, and his live show, a charismatic tour de force. Princely spin-offs **the Time** (***What Time Is It?***, Warner), and **Vanity 6** (***Vanity 6***, Warner) are much less successful, applying burlesque (ha-ha for the former, lingerie for the latter) to ease the chafing of skin-deep funk.

From the Prince, we elevate to the King: **George Clinton**, late of the one-for-all Parliament/Funkadelic domain, now of the all-for-one solo career (***Computer Games***, Capitol). Clinton's inspired marriage of (James) Brownian motion with Richard Pryor foolishness (had the latter inhaled nitrous oxide instead of free-based coke) has always been refreshingly insane—a lone beacon of lunacy amidst the straight-assed conservatism of most funk music. And *Computer Games* measures up to the countless Clinton-master-minded records of the last decade, even down to the proportions of multi-layered hysteria (twenty minutes) to lukewarm leftovers (ten minutes). Clinton's stopover in New York (at the Red Parrot) was nothing short of exultant, with the audience (nearly outnumbered by the troops on stage) totally losing their minds. The stage dynamics were fascinating to watch; the personnel shifted constantly during the two-and-a-half hour show, Clinton appearing like a benign deity to bless the proceedings, lead a chant, and sing a bit, then floating offstage. **Bootsy Collins** even made an appearance to lead the crowd through "Body Slam," which definitely made my evening. The whole tribal ritual atmos-

phere reminded me of shows by Sun Ra and King Sunny Ade; all three men exhibit a calm, confident leadership of their groups, the mutual love and respect evident on everyone's face. Woof woof!

My main gripe with funk these days is that there are still far too few people willing to take risks. It's almost uniformly complacent, formulaic music, and most everyone doing it seems happy to have it that way. Well, Lou's not happy, guys . . .

—Lou Stathis

GAYE LIBERATION

One may wonder why **Marvin Gaye**'s career has been such an elusive affair, as this smoothie moves in and out of the public eye with seeming disregard for commercial consequences. Truth is, Marvin had been the odd-man-out at Motown for a long time, and it was only recently that he was able to terminate his contract there and begin again. While Smokey Robinson and label chief Berry Gordy remained tight as a drum, Gaye fell into disfavor over ten years ago when he was held responsible by Gordy for the untimely demise of Tammi Terrell. At this point in time, Motown gave Marvin the go-ahead to record an album of mostly self-produced original songs—a first for this tightly-held company—assuming that he'd produce self-indulgent, non-commercial fare that would serve to end his career.

The result, *What's Goin' On*, spelled the death of Motown as a musical factory-line, proving that artists can go out on a limb, maintain their integrity, and still have chart success. This went over none too well with Gordy, nor did Gaye's marriage to his daughter—it was looking too much like Marvin was holding all the cards. Try as they would to bury him, the music was too strong to go unrecognized (the details of this were fictionalized into a novel, *Number One With a Bullet*, by a former Motown staffer).

Marvin Gaye: just what the doctor ordered.

So we all know that Marvin divorced Motown and his former beloved, moved to Europe, and instantly produced one of the biggest crossover r&b hits of all time, **"Sexual Healing"** (Columbia). But this is just the tip of the iceberg-to-be, as Marvin's new residence promises even more advanced musical adventures, and his latest claim is that the follow-up is "at least three times as controversial" as his recent hit. Truly this cat has at least three lives—one shouldn't be surprised by anything he produces.

—Jon Tiven

EXTRA-TERRA-RAP

I've been to other planets," insists **Afrika Bambaataa**. "Like Saturn, it's *really* swingin'—they dance on circle rings with tilted floors."

Bambaataa should know all about it; he sells just as many records outside the asteroid belt as he does here on Earth. And for the same simple reason: he and his **Soul Sonic Force** rappers make sounds that take their listeners to blissful new worlds of music and dance.

"Funk with electronics" is how Bambaataa describes the music he and Soul Sonic make with producers Arthur Baker and John Robie. "**Planet Rock**" and "**Looking for the Perfect Beat**" (Tommy Boy) are the first dance records to merge the street rhythms of rap with the multi-hued sounds and textures of synthesizers.

"Perfect Beat" is an especially wondrous record—a virtual rap symphony, with seamlessly flowing and changing rhythmic patterns and recurring vocal hooks. It recreates a crowded day on the street or in an interstellar subway car, its synth-splotches layered like noisy graffiti. And like its predecessor "Planet Rock," "Perfect Beat" contains a utopian, one-world message: "In this world of music, there are many different tones . . ."

This message of hope, written by Soul Sonic MC GLOBE (with contributions from other members Mr. Biggs, Pow Wow, and Jazzy Jay), is chanted in an original form of rapping known as MC poppin'. As opposed to the gritty, on-the-beat, story-telling style of the Furious Five's Melle Mel, Soul Sonic's rap language leaves narrative behind, replacing it with a word and sound collage. In their repetition and variation, the words suggest religious incantations and trances. The message is religious, too; by "looking, searching, seeking, finding," you come across your own perfect beat, your own destiny or true path. It's a vision that can turn a dance of doom into a shout for joy.

Bambaataa (who keeps his given name and age a secret) has been trying to turn death into life for more than ten years now. Growing up during the mid-seventies, a vicious era of street-gang violence in the Bronx, Bambaataa quickly saw through that way of life and became a local peacemaker and diplomat instead. And the tool of his trade was the turntable.

One of the first great DJ's on the scene that would eventually be called hip-hop or rap, Bambaataa, "master of records," brought what was left of the warring gangs together into a peace-loving mega-tribe known as the Zulu Nation (the name Bambaataa is Zulu for "affectionate leader").

A vast consortium of DJ's, rappers, break dancers, and graffiti artists, the Zulu Nation

Afrika Bambaataa wards off evil spirits.

Photo ©1983 by Laura Levine

is like a multi-media Motown, featuring the Soul Sonic Force, the Cosmic Force, the Rock Steady Crew, and many, many others. Bambaataa's role is a cross between the Buddha and George Clinton—his ideas permeate the sounds, even if he does not always write, compose, or play on the records.

Already the shaggy, bass synth-driven beat of Bambaataa is widely imitated, most shamelessly by Englishmen like Malcolm McLaren and now New Order, who've at least gone to the source and recorded with Arthur Baker.

"A lot of people don't understand where we're comin' from," says Bambaataa, "and we like it that way. By 1999, we'll be on Mars—or in Cleveland. Wherever the government people are, we're gonna be watching them. 'Cause we are the future and they are the past."

—Stuart Cohn

(Tommy Boy Records, 210 East 90 St., NYC, NY 10028)

STYLISHLY WILD

They call it the "hip-hop" culture—the South Bronx triple threat of graffiti art, rap/DJing, and break dancing—and it's made an indelible imprint upon New York's pop life and modern art scene. Last summer, America took the rap and

got "The Message." Now, thanks to British and German TV, the New York State Council on the Arts, and filmmaker **Charlie Ahearn**, there's ***Wild Style***, a cinematic showcase for the exuberant teenage street arts that comprise the upbeat flipside of ghetto life.

Ahearn's fascination with street culture surfaced in

"For a year and a half I was the only white person that they or I ever saw...."

1976, when he put down his paint brush and began work on *The Deadly Art of Survival*, a martial arts super-8 which "enjoyed a reputation for being a tough street film." *Survival* attracted the interest of graffiti-writer Fred Brathwaite, who exhibited in the groundbreaking Ahearn-curated Times Square art show in 1980, and introduced the filmmaker to the emerging scene.

"The first rap scene I got involved with was in June 1980, in this park up in the Bronx," Ahearn recalls. "Maybe five hundred teenagers were in this pitch black park, and we entered onto this tiny stage from the side. The first person I met was Chief Rocker Busy Bee, and I told him I was interested in doing a film, and he introduced me to this huge crowd of people, 'This is my producer, he's making a movie about me with rap music.' This was the first time I'd ever been to a rap thing—we didn't even know where the fuck we were. The word traveled fast; soon, I was getting people coming up to me and telling me about their act. For a year and a half hanging out in clubs I was the only white person that they or I ever saw, so it was pretty hard to slip by unnoticed."

Wild Style, which opened the Museum of Modern Art's New Directors/New Films series, begins with a colorful burst of animated graffiti (designed by "white boy graffiti artist" ZEPHYR, who portrays ZROC), and then leads us through train yards, rap clubs, playgrounds, and urban streets. We follow the adventures of outlaw graffiti writer ZORO as he attempts to maintain his secret identity and artistic integrity in the face of sudden publicity from downtown hipsters and competition from a rival graffiti gang led by his ex-girlfriend. The acting ranges from self-conscious first-time dramatics to the glorious hammery of underground regulars like Patti Astor and Bill Rice, but the weaker narrative moments never detract from the astounding performance footage (e.g. lingering closeups of Grandmaster Flash's hands whizzing between two turntables). Ahearn's stars are at their best doing what comes naturally—boasting in distinctive street patois, rapping, dancing, painting, and just plain goofing.

The music—directed by Brathwaite (who offers a comic turn as "prince promoter" PHADE) with original tunes by the man who immortalized him as Fab Five Freddy in "Rapture," Blondie's Chris Stein—and the deft camera-work and editing captures the scene's color and energy with a graceful economy that helps to make sense out of a vibrant new sensibility.

"Wild style," Ahearn explains, is a descriptive term applied to "disjointed, muscular, animated" graffiti lettering and shares a common aesthetic with break dancing and DJing. "There's a quality called 'bugged-out.' Like they might look at a cover of *Heavy Metal* and say, 'that's bugged-out man,' which means that it's done with a style that they may not understand, but it makes sense, and it's really cool."

Luckily, Ahearn manages to portray the sometimes bugged-out antics of the scene without resorting to a cinematic "wild style" that might easily overwhelm an uninitiated audience. As writer/director/producer he achieves an insightful look at a unique society, avoiding the pitfalls of trendy sensationalism and/or academic documentation. Instead, *Wild Style* succeeds by using a wholly appropriate biographical narrative: "The people we see in this film are the real people who created this culture. Lee (ZORO) has a reputation so extensive that when I'd mention his name to some eight-year-old in the Bronx, they'd stare up at me like I was talking about Picasso.

"I have practiced graffiti," he admits, "and I can say without a doubt that it's the

"A lot of people see graffiti as making the place more beautiful."

most fun you can have in New York. It's childhood fantasies like hide and seek, and cops and robbers with a real element of danger." "But," he adds respectfully, "the real writers consider it a sacred act and think of their work as talismans, and when a piece rides through the city, that's them, that's their soul riding on that train."

—David Keeps

AMERICAN GRAFFITI

Although artist **Keith Haring** is a relatively recent arrival in New York (he grew up in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, a small town near Philadelphia), he has quickly come to epitomize the self-determined NYC artist—a stereotype which combines an aggressive personality with the single-minded objective of making it at all costs. So it was something of a surprise to find that this young man who has managed to dominate the NYC art scene with such apparent ease, was shy, almost timid, and childlike. Despite the phenomenon currently surrounding him, Haring has maintained a genuine and surprisingly untainted, country-boy personality. Perhaps it's this aspect of his background that gives him the distance from the streets necessary to gain insight into what emerges from them.

After a short unhappy stay at a Pittsburgh art school, Haring moved to New York in 1978 and enrolled at the School of Visual Arts. His stay there was short as well, and soon his white-on-black chalk drawings began appearing on walls throughout the city (both over and underground). His progression from public walls to gallery walls was amazingly swift, to where Haring is now—at twenty-four—one of the most commercially successful new artists on the scene. His instant popularity is due pehaps to his simple, graphic approach, and images that impact the viewer with the immediacy of good advertising art.

While drawing his primary inspiration from subway and building-wall graffiti, Haring's stylistic sources encompass all the visual matter of street-born pop culture: sf and fantasy movies, comics, newspapers, magazines, rock'n'roll, etc. He utilizes an almost generic form of cross-cultural hieroglyphics to ruminate on subjects both metaphysical and political—re-occurring images include radiating babies, dogs, TVs, exploding bombs, and atomic symbols.

Though Haring's canvas works now command four and five figure prices in prestigious galleries, his style remains essentially unchanged—except for the new works' monumental size (size is apparently proportional to significance in the contemporary art world). It's important to note that while Haring has been accepted by the art establishment both here and in Europe, he has continued doing his street and subway pieces, and maintained a strong link with his origins. While some have characterized him as nothing more than a shrewd art-market strategist with a good gimmick, Haring firmly insists that his primary motivation was to execute his drawings in places where they would become part of the real world, and at the same time be accessible to large numbers of people.

—Amy Lipton

HM: Your work is very "New York;" would you say it's influenced by living here, or would you be doing the same thing somewhere else?

KH: Probably not. There are things I'm doing now that translate to any place I go, but I don't think it would have happened if I weren't here. I was recently in Rotterdam, and I did drawings there on the street with chalk, and it made me realize that I could really go anywhere in the world and do these drawings, and it would mean something to someone. It didn't depend on the language.

HM: Any type of viewer will do?

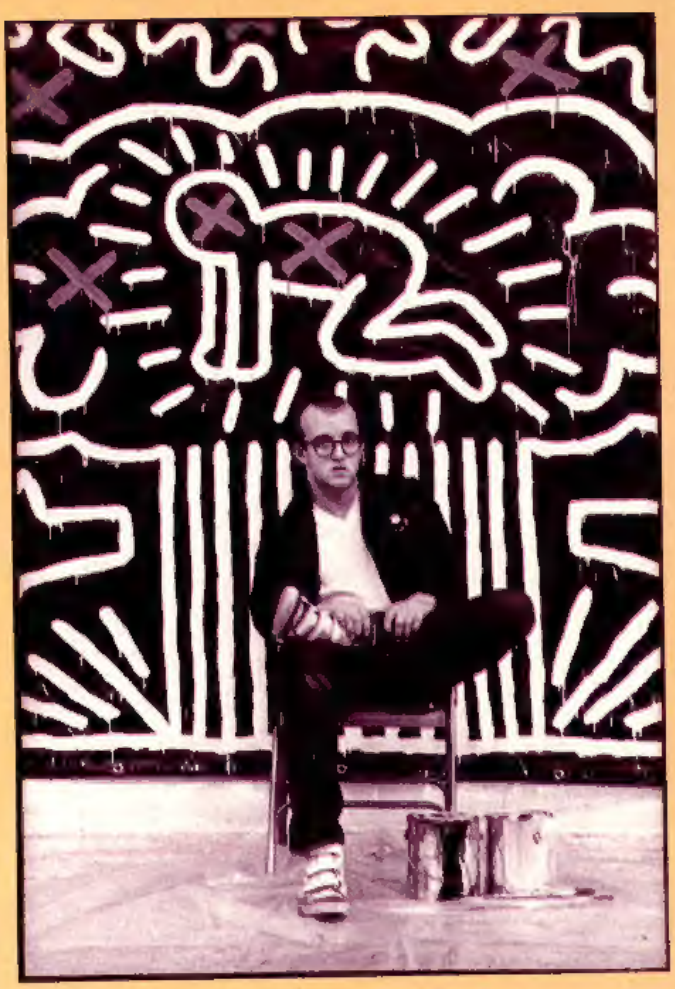
KH: Right, but even while I was there I wanted to get back and do it in New York—there's just something about doing it here. When I'm here I *have* to do it. Every time I ride the subway I understand why I do the drawings here.

HM: Would you say politics are involved?

KH: I would say hopefully—but it's a different idea of politics. It's not overtly political in the way that propaganda literally spells out what it wants you to think. I think it operates more subtly. I mean, in some ways graffiti itself is political, because it's a subversive or disobedient act. But it's not the same as writing a slogan on a bank. It's a different kind of politics. I didn't want to use things so overtly political that it would become a barrier—lots of times things that are political turn people off, so they don't become a part of it, or get the message at all. It's like, "Oh that again, I don't want to hear about it." I think the way people operate or function in the world is just as "political" as anything else.

HM: So your motivation is different than the usual graffiti writer in that you're not just putting up something that says, "this is me," or naming that place with your mark?

KH: Yes, I think that—but people in graffiti aspire to different things. Some graffitiers just tag their name, claiming that thing, and it might not go beyond that. But a lot of them are interested in making things look better, putting it there so a lot of people will see it, having it become part of the place that you put it in, adding some kind of human



Chalk up another one for Keith Haring.

Photo by Robert Erdmann

element. A lot of people see it as making the place more beautiful. Doing whole sides of trains, making these incredible things with bright colors—if you see a train come out of a tunnel, it's an art experience, a moving experience, to see something beautiful being made.

HM: Do you align yourself with graffiti artists?

KH: I always tried to. I don't think I fit into the same category necessarily, but I respect graffiti to the extent that I was here for two years before I felt I had something to contribute in the street. There are lots of people doing it, though, that have no respect for what's already there. Most graffiti writers understand things about writing on the streets that many people overlook—there's really a code of ethics, an unwritten code that the artists know or feel. That's why, after I started, it was really rewarding to be accepted by other graffiti artists as someone whose motivation came from the same kind of place.

HM: How did you discover that?

KH: Well, I began meeting graffiti writers after people started connecting me with the work I was doing. Plus I like a lot of graffiti myself, so I've tried to meet some of the people doing it. There's one guy who writes LA2, which stands for Little Angel. I saw his tag on the street, and I noticed there was something different about it—partly because of where he put it, and partly because of how he could draw. So I asked around about who he was, and about a month later we met. We got along really well—we had a lot of things in common about the way we drew, what we drew, and why. And one night in my studio it just happened that I had an empty panel, and he started drawing on it. We've done several pieces together, sold them, and split the money.

HM: How did you start drawing in the subway?

KH: I started drawing in the subway because it was just another place to draw—the whole time I was also drawing on pieces of wood, paper, things like that. Drawing in the subway changes the way the work enters the real world. It's immediately on view, immediately becomes part of the real world. That was something I wanted—it comes from what I thought of as my responsibilities as an artist in the Eighties.

It all seemed really natural when it happened. About two years ago I started doing these drawings that had recognizable images—images that could be read by any person, no matter what kind of background. As an image, and not a word, it had innumerable possibilities—you don't have to know any other information other than what you see to understand it as an image, as a drawing. Soon after I started drawing these images I started drawing in the street, and one day I saw a subway panel (*Where advertising posters are placed*—ed.) that was empty, and it just kinda seemed so obvious. Like, it's empty and all you'd need is some chalk and you could just draw on it. So, after I did one there was no stopping, it just took off.

HM: How do you feel about the transference from subway to gallery? Has it changed you in any way?

KH: Everything changes, but I think it depends. I approach doing a piece on the subway with the same amount of care and concentration that I give a piece that's going to be sold for $10,000. No matter where I draw it's just as important, whether I'm doing it on the sidewalk and it's going to last ten minutes, or if it's a big piece that's going to hang in some rich person's house. I

Some urban wall dressing from *Wild Style*.

"I approach doing a piece in the subway with the same amount of care and concentration that I give a piece that's going to be sold for $10,000."

don't place any more importance on a thing just because someone is going to buy it.

In the beginning I didn't want to work on canvas, because it already has this value attached to it. And I thought the most important thing is doing the drawing—it didn't matter what was going to happen to the drawing after you did it, or how long it was going to last, or if it was going to be worth anything. In some ways this whole gallery system, becoming part of it, eats that up—but I think it's still possible, if you have any kind of personal integrity at all, for it not to be a bad thing. It should be something you can use as much as it uses you, or use more than it uses you.

HM: How do you think it will affect you in the long run?

KH: In the long run it'll probably kill me. But what else is there?

HM: If it starts to overwhelm you, or you lose control of it, you can change to doing something completely different.

KH: I'm not scared of stopping it. If I thought I was starting to repeat things or becoming a commodity, I would just stop doing it—I'm not into making things for other people to make money from. But, if I refuse to make things to sell to people, then what am I going to do with them? Then I won't make things. In some ways it's good to make things that are going to be around awhile—whether money has to change hands for it to happen or not—in case—

HM: In case we're not?

KH: Yes, whatever. But at the same time I want to keep drawing in the subway. I want to keep doing things to give away, and keep having the relationship I have with people in the street, because one of the strongest things for me right now is the kind of real place my art has in the world—just because of how many people know about it from seeing it, and have encouraged me from seeing me while I'm drawing. These are not people concerned with "art"—stuff confined to this little place that's for intellectuals to understand and write about and fight over and buy and sell—because that's not what it's about. I mean, with the world in the situation it's in now, some things become most important—things human beings can do, human accomplishments. If there's any beauty about being alive or being human, that's where those things lie.

THE BLUES AND THE NEWS

For those who have that incessant need to make what New York *Times* lead music critic **John Rockwell** calls "a non-verbal art" just a tiny bit verbose, here are two newish books on the roots and current state of American music: ***The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Black Music*** (Harmony), and Rockwell's own ***All American Music*** (Knopf).

"At best, a verbal gift provides a lively adjunct to musical talent," writes Rockwell, not in an attempt to justify his book centering on late twentieth century American composers. But a lively adjunct it turns out to be, particularly for those unfamiliar with the turns and twists "serious" American music has lately taken. We Yanks have typically looked to Europe and Asia for "high" culture, usually demeaning what musics are our own: jazz, blues, funk, rock, experimental, environmental, electronic, Broadway. The new composers—Cage, Ashley, Glass, Laurie Anderson, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Ornette Coleman, Sondheim, Talking Heads (among others)—have elevated their so-called secular forms to art, and brought so-called high art back to music, and to the people. Most of Rockwell's serious composers are also viable commercial entities, and the possibility of that is certainly a new development.

All American Music documents the hows and whys of this phenomenon without the judgemental eye exhibited in Rockwell's often caustic criticism. He presents the material in the manner of a cultural historian, and has purposefully gone for the vernacular and a somewhat jumbled subjective structure. Chapters supposedly about particular composers often veer off onto others (just about everybody's name, from film scorers to SoHo's art-rock crowd, gets dropped—excepting, inexplicably, Captain Beefheart), but this makes for a lighter, more conversational read than one might expect. Rockwell traces the roots of cultural trends—music being an area particularly packed full of 'em—and illustrates that American music is now elevated to major metaphor status, clearly a key to the American mind.

Everything you ever wanted to know (but were too embarrassed to ask your all-trivia-knowing friends) about soul, r&b, blues, disco, jazz, and funk is what's in *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Black Music*. This is the fourth in a series of Harmony musical encyclopedias, and while it may only be must-read for rock crits, DJs, and otherwise fanatics, it documents a huge slice of American pie not often taken seriously as "Kultur." Unlike the encyclopedias you copied from in grade school, it's very readable, fun even (with *beaucoup* trade gossip, like why Tammi Terrell died so young), and has more than 250 color mini-record sleeves, and over 300 color in-concert photos of the famous, the gorgeous, and the now-obscure. Everybody from Chuck to Smokey to Diana to Marvin to Jimi to Prince to several assorted rappers are here. Point for point, this behemoth effort illustrates how influence built upon influence; how soul, disco, jazz, and r&b grew up to become very adult major American musical forms. Not to mention British ones.

—Merle Ginsberg

NAHALLYWOOD

Alan Arkush on the set of *Get Crazy* with the Nada band. (Lori Eastside, far right)

"It's *A Night at the Opera* at a rock concert," says director **Allan Arkush** of his newest off-the-wall venture, ***Get Crazy***. "I'd call it bits of *Animal House* mixed in with twenty-four hours at a concert hall but with very traditional old musical comedy values I think."

One of the few movies around that lives up to its name, *Get Crazy* is set both onstage and behind the-scenes at a New Year's Eve show celebrating a rock palace's 15th anniversary. Heavy metal butts heads with new wave and r&b bawdiness as an array of decidedly unique characters parade before the camera. Among the most infamous heavy metal icon Reggie Wanker (Malcolm McDowell), wild rocker Piggy (Lee Ving of Fear), Mark and Marv (Bobby Sherman and Fabian), songpoet Audin (Lou Reed), and acid casualty Captain Cloud (The Turtles' Howard Kaylan)

If *Get Crazy* sounds like an atypical sort of film, suffice to say that Allan Arkush is an atypical sort of director. A graduate of the Roger Corman school of cut-rate filmmaking ("You learned to think on your feet!"), he's best known for the Ramones vs. higher education cult classic ***Rock'n'Roll High School*** ("A combination of *The Bandwagon*, *A Hard Day's Night* and Todd Browning's *Freaks*.") and the out-of-whack robot romance ***Heartbeeps*** ("No commercial elements whatsoever") starring Andy Kaufman.

"I really don't go out of my way to make weird movies," smiles the 35-year-old filmmaker who doesn't *look* overtly nuts. "They just *happen*. *Get Crazy* happened because I always wanted to do a movie about my experiences working at the Fillmore East. Some pretty wild things happened there and I thought they'd make a good screenplay.

"But the rock concert scene changed radically during the 1970s. The groups became the drawing factor and not the concert hall. Audiences became more conservative—they'd only pay attention to the group they came to see.

"I thought it would be nice to do a film about how concerts *were*. No one was interested. So, figuring that I'm just as interested in music *now* as I was *then*, I updated the story. The first company who saw the new version loved it."

Arkush gathered financing, had a script written and set about putting his ultimate rock concert/comedy together. It wasn't a lot of laffs.

"Originally, we wanted real musicians to play our musician characters. For instance, we envisioned Wanker as a larger-than-life star along the lines of Jagger, Robert Plant, and Rod Stewart. We went through a list of all the big rockers and no one wanted to touch the role—too close to home.

"At that point, we considered actors. Our first choice for Wanker was Malcolm. I thought he was a riot in *A Clockwork Orange*. He read the script and said he'd do the film if he could sing all his own songs. Although I had only heard him perform 'Singin' In the Rain,' I figured 'why not?' As it turns out, Malcolm wanted to be a rock star once. Did a demo and everything.

"Wanker is sort of an overgrown adolescent. His whole plot revolves around that. Heavy metal, after all, is *the* dominant musical form for adolescent males. There's a macho trip attached to it. In the movie, Malcolm really gets into things on stage. He has a ball."

With a star committed, Arkush lined up such additional cast members as Daniel Stern, Allen Goorwitz (née Garfield), Miles Chapin, Ed Begley Jr., Paul Bartel, Mary Woronov, and ex-Coconut Lori Eastside as well as some surprises.

"We have a lot of musicians from the Los Angeles area on stage. We have the guys from Fear. Lou Reed plays a singer who hasn't been seen for six years. Our new wave band is called Nada; ten girls and one guy. The guy is kept on a chain. That's Lee Ving. John Densmore (of The Doors) plays Malcolm's drummer.

"The biggest challenge I faced," laughs Arkush, "wasn't keeping the people in line, but keeping them up. We filmed in a real theater and it was seven weeks of New Year's Eve every day. How do you keep people psyched up for that amount of time? My direction usually consisted of saying 'Now do it again, only faster.'

"I was really trying to make a movie that had all the energy of a rock'n'roll song. I didn't want some Hollywood laid-back film. Most rock movies don't have the energy of the music. When the music is on the screen, things are fine. When the music stops, the movie goes into the toilet.

"I think that's because most of the people making these movies aren't familiar with the music. They've never been into it. I perceive the music and the lifestyle as the same. Tempo. Tempo. Faster. Faster.

"Our plot is pretty simple but the movie was shot in a breakneck style. It's the kind of film you leave thinking, 'Boy! I'd better see this again 'cause there's a lot I missed.'"

Despite the variety of musical styles (and lifestyles) represented in the movie, and the presence of some of the grungiest extras seen since *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*, Arkush swears that the making of *Get Crazy* was anything but.

"Everyone got along really well. No one spat on each other or anything. Malcolm helped a lot of the more inexperienced actors rehearse and Howard Kaylan—who plays a hippy who shows up fifteen years late for a concert—was always funny."

Arkush drifts off into a monologue peppered with plans for *Get Crazy*'s soundtrack album ("We have 19 songs in this movie and they're all played LOUD!"), his reaction to the

concert scenes ("I felt less culture shock this time out than in *Rock'n'Roll High School*") and his efforts at launching his next film ("I think we're going to call it *Maule Wowie*.")

With visions of new wavers, heavy metal welders, and assorted rock refuse dancing in his head, Arkush attempts to sum up *Get Crazy* in terms sociologically significant enough to satisfy the millions of *serious* film addicts out there in America. (You know the people who can read *Film Comment* without laughing.)

He clears his throat and announces: "This is the rock 'n' roll movie that *finally* answers the burning question of our time: what do the purple haired and mohawked punks do during the daylight hours? They act in my films!!!"

Arkush smiles the smile of a man who doesn't *look* overtly nuts, but

In the works: Steven Spielberg will produce a big budgeted version of ***The Little Shop of Horrors*** based on the hit off Broadway musical which, in turn, is based on an old Roger Corman movie about a man-munching plant named Audrey. Let us spray. Water is as good as gold in ***Ice Pirates***, a futuristic swash-buckler set in a drought-plagued

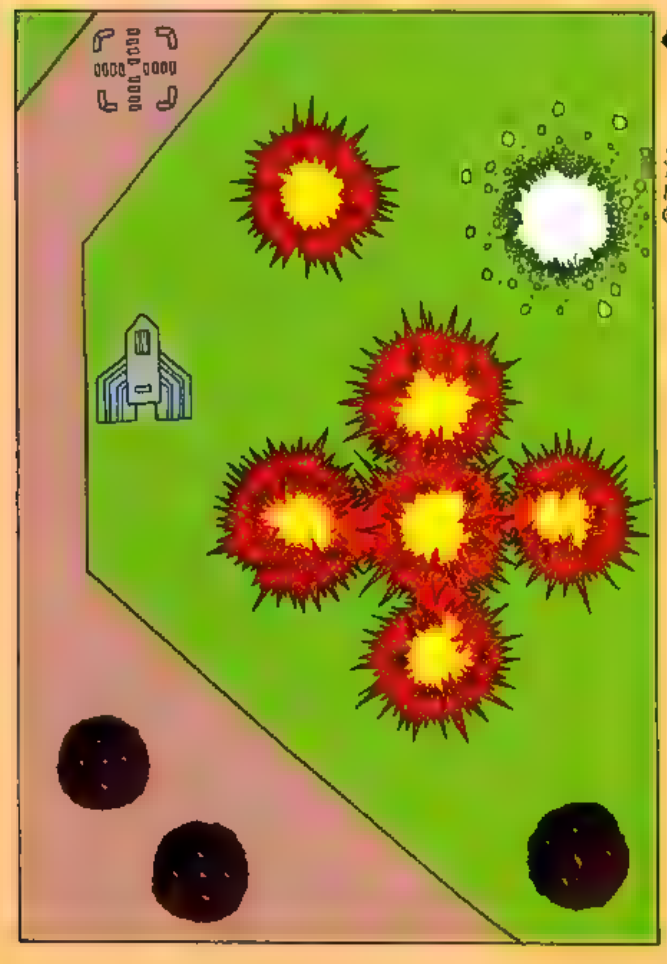
Spielberg dropping in at the *Little Shop of Horrors* after an eternity in *The Twilight Zone*.

galaxy where space jockeys hijack cargos of frozen H_2O. Robert Urich (TV's "Vega$"), Ron Perlman, and John Carradine star. ***The Philadelphia Experiment*** will (finally) be made. This period piece concerning the actual "vanishing" of a Navy ship during WWII was originally planned by John Carpenter and, then, unsuccessfully by Joe Dante. New World now has it, is giving it a fantasy flavor, and getting Carpenter to exec. produce. Dan O'Herlihy will be flying high aboard ***The Last Starfighter*** for director **Nick Castle**.

Charlie's Angels marvelous mannequin **Tanya Roberts** is the new ***Sheena, Queen of the Jungle***. ***Cheech and Chong as the Corsican Brothers***? Uh-huh. To be unleashed next year. *Star Trek*'s cueball cutie **Persis Khambatta** will join forces with *Halloween*'s **Donald Pleasance** and *Paper Chase*'s Robert Ginty in ***Warrior of the Lost World***. Just when you thought it was safe to toss away those dorky 3-D glasses comes ***Amityville 3-D***, ***Jaws 3-D***, ***The Lost Empire***, ***The Man Who Was Not There***, ***Metalstorm***, and ***Tales of the Third Dimension***.

Peter O'Toole, **Faye Dunaway** and **Brenda Vaccaro** have joined the cast of ***Supergirl***, now filming in London. Newcomer Helen Slater is the girl of steel. **Jodie Foster** and **Nastassia Kinski** are teaming up for **Tony Richardson**'s unique version of the equally strange best-seller ***The Hotel New Hampshire***—a place where stuffed dogs, bogus bears, and has-been circus acts meet. Also registered are **Beau Bridges**, **Wallace Shawn**, and **Amanda Plummer**. *Blue Thunder*'s **Daniel Stern** and fellow actor **John Heard** are making their own sf horror flick about nuke monsters in the New York sewer system. Better living through science.

—Ed Naha



XEVIOUS

XEVIOUS VIDEO GAME ENGINEERED AND MANUFACTURED BY NAMCO, LTD. MANUFACTURED UNDER LICENSE BY ATARI, INC. TRADEMARK AND ©NAMCO 1982. VIDEO GAME REVIEW ©1983, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM

VIDEO GAMES CAN BE **UNIQUE** STORYTELLING DEVICES. **XEVIOUS** TELLS A SIMPLE TALE OF PLANETARY DESTRUCTION AND GLOBAL MAYHEM.

YOUR SPACESHIP, THE **SOLVALOU**, FIGHTS AN INTENSE BATTLE AGAINST AN ALIEN PLANET. AS IT TRAVELS ACROSS THE SURFACE, **FOURTEEN** DIFFERENT KINDS OF SPACESHIPS ATTACK AT VARIOUS TIMES, WHILE **ELEVEN** DIFFERENT LAND BASES AND GROUND VEHICLES EITHER FIRE AT YOU OR SIT THERE, RIPE TARGETS FOR DEATH. THEY BLOW UP IN A FIERY EXPLOSION AND LEAVE SMOLDERING CRATERS BEHIND THAT RESEMBLE GLOWING SCABS ON THE FACE OF THE LANDSCAPE. THE AIR TARGETS BURST INTO TINY FRAGMENTS AS IF THEY'RE MADE OF FINE CHINA. THERE ARE ALSO UNDERGROUND LAND BASES AND SUBMARINES THAT ARE **INVISIBLE** TO THE NAKED EYE. TO FIND THEM, WATCH THE "BLASTER" CROSSHAIRS. THEY TURN RED WHEN THEY'RE OVER ANY LAND TARGET. ONCE YOU NOTICE THE COLOR CHANGE, BLAST THEM. THEY'LL THEN RISE TO THE SURFACE, SO IF YOU HAVE TIME, BLAST THEM AGAIN, AND YOU'LL DESTROY THEM.

THE **XEVIOUS** GAME IS PROGRAMMED TO PLAY DIFFERENTLY AGAINST GOOD PLAYERS. THE MACHINE ADAPTS AND ADJUSTS TO YOUR STYLE OF PLAYING, MAKING **XEVIOUS** A TOUGH CHALLENGE. YOU'RE UP AGAINST A SMART MACHINE.

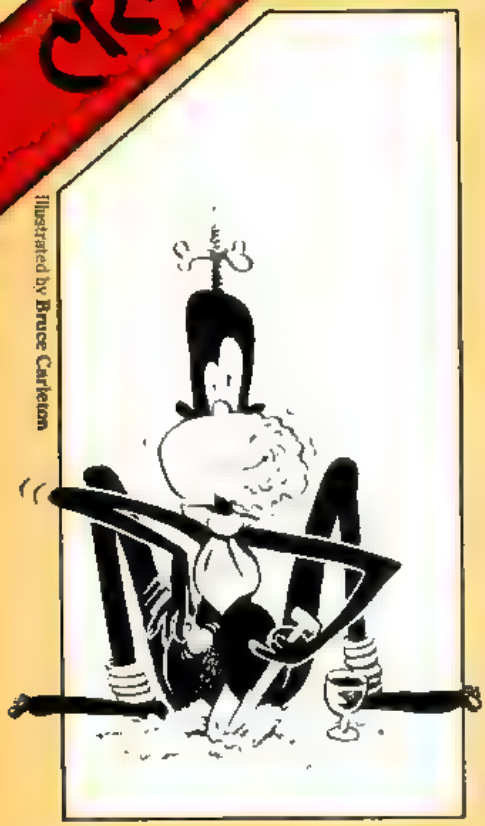
AS YOUR **SOLVALOU** CROSSES THE LANDSCAPE, YOU'LL ENCOUNTER NEW AND DIFFERENT SIGHTS ALONG THE WAY. THE FURTHER YOU GO, THE MORE YOU'LL SEE, WHICH IS A REWARD OF SORTS FOR A GOOD SCORE. THE ENEMY SHIPS AND LAND VEHICLES KEEP APPEARING IN NEW AND STRANGER VARIETIES. YOU'LL WANT TO PLAY **XEVIOUS** A LOT, IF ONLY TO FIND OUT WHAT COMES NEXT. HIGHLIGHTS OF THE JOURNEY INCLUDE A HUGE MOTHERSHIP, A GIANT OUTLINE OF A BIRD DRAWN ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE, AND A STRANGE THOROUGHFARE. YOU HAVE TO **SEE** THIS STUFF TO BELIEVE IT.

WHAT'S NEVER EXPLAINED IS **WHY** YOU HAVE TO DESTROY THIS BEAUTIFUL PLANET. IT'S A LOT OF FUN, BUT AFTER A WHILE YOU FEEL LIKE THE **RUSSIANS** IN AFGHANISTAN. WHAT'S SO EVIL ABOUT THE ALIEN CIVILIZATION THAT YOU HAVE TO DESTROY IT, ANYWAY? WHY AREN'T THERE ANY PEOPLE ANYWHERE - IS THE PLANET ENTIRELY INHABITED BY MACHINES? IS THIS THE **EARTH** AFTER THE **ROBOTS** HAVE TAKEN OVER?

DOESN'T MATTER. THE IDEA IS TO STAY ALIVE TO DO THAT, YOU HAVE TO KILL AND DESTROY. THE MORE THE BETTER. LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE. WHO CARES ABOUT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED ALIENS WHEN YOUR LIFE IS AT STAKE? KILL OR BE KILLED. IT'S THE LAW OF THE UNIVERSE.

-JOHN HOLMSTROM

CRYPTICA



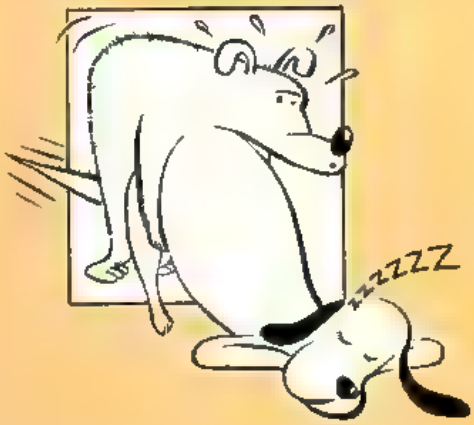
Illustrated by Bruce Carleton

Dirty Dishes • For years, western anthropologists stood aghast at the spectacle of African tribesmen calmly devouring mouthfuls of earth. Experts have always presumed that the practice arose either out of desperate hunger, or superstition and ignorance. Suddenly, they're not so sure. Upon analyzing the chemical components of the soils and their physiological effects, scientists have unearthed a different scenario. It turns out some varieties of mud contain sufficient quantities of iron to help pregnant women ward off anemia, while other kinds provide enough clay to ease stomach disorders. Before it develops into a full-blown wholistic fad, however, folks closer to home should keep Times Beach and Love Canal in mind, and stick to Alka-Seltzer.

Correxocet • The first anniversary of the Falklands War has streaked by leaving much media debris in its wake, with not a word to explain a crucial factor in the conflict—the success of the Exocet missile. Although British technical and military publications have long since uncovered the real facts, mainstream media remain strangely silent. Here's the story: the fact that British ships also possessed Exocets was apparently the key to their undoing. You see, all the electronic radar gadgetry aboard the H.M.S. Sheffield, Britain's first and greatest Exocet victim, worked perfectly: it detected the Argentine missile's approach—and ignored it! Royal Navy computers had been programmed to get paranoid only at *Soviet* armaments. As Argentina was a once-friendly country using weapons the Brits themselves owned, the ship board computers bleeped away cordially at the approach of an old friend instead of triggering powerful alarms. Why the strange conspiracy of media silence? Is everyone afraid of giving the Soviets ideas? Maybe. But to exploit that weakness, the Russians would have to spend millions rearming with western weapons. The real danger is more likely to come from smaller, more belligerent, not-so-aligned nations like Argentina, dumping grounds for western weaponry.

Polly Want a Cruise Missile • Is President Reagan soliciting nuke strategy advice from parrots? Studies published in the journal *Animal Behaviour* show that parrots practice a deterrence theory of self-defense, much like our President's. For instance, the larger a parrot's bill, the less likely it is to attack a mirror image of itself. Parrots packing such heavy beakpower that the MAD principle (*Mutual Assured Destruction*) comes into play, prefer long elaborate displays of belligerence to actual fighting. And the barrage of grand gestures tends to be unpredictable and contradictory—like Reagan diplomacy. Instead of developing coherently, all those sudden and erratic actions are supposed to deter opponents by showing them this is one psychotic customer they're dealing with. Unfortunately, fights do occur, and a lot of plumage fallout results. Parrots, however, don't have the option of mutually reducing the size of their bills. • Despite the President's mighty zoological erudition, those cranky Europeans persist in their un-American rejection of Pershing IIs and cruise missiles. Why? Do they know something we don't? Could they have heard that the Pershing II has only been successfully fired once? And only over a shorter distance than will be required in actual use? Or have they somehow gotten wind of the fact that the cruise has not been tested to its full necessary distance overland? (The U.S., you see, doesn't have the space, so negotiations with Canada are underway to test it up there.) Above all, did they find out that some twenty percent of cruise firings fail? (They either only go a short distance, or the wrong way, or just come straight down.) Meaning: New York might end up destroying Los Angeles instead of Moscow. Now in the States we don't let that kind of info fall into the wrong hands. National security, you know.

We Were Only Following Orders • It started with a computer that diagnosed diseases better than a doctor. Naturally it's gonna lead to a computer that fights wars better than a general. Just last year a University of Pittsburgh team developed INTERNIST-1, a machine programmed to match symptoms with possible diseases. It consistently came up with a more accurate list of likely afflictions than the MDs did. Pentagon officials intelligent enough to know they're at least as dumb as physicians snapped the idea up. Now they're evolving a computer that's the very model of a modern major general. It's fed data on the good and bad decisions commanders have made at war games so it can filter out the bad and use the good to antic pate attacks and direct actions on future battlefields. Which means that the next time an innocent village is bombed back to the Stone Age, everyone can blame the computer.



Doggie Style • Narcolepsy—it's a dog's life. Ten years ago doctors discovered that dogs also suffer from the disorder that causes people to unexpectedly fall asleep in the middle of a workaday activity. A discovery like this is a researcher's dream, as dogs could now be used as lab specimens for probing and poking. After countless hours of sleep-inducing experimentation, scientists discovered that narcoleptic dogs and humans tended to black out most often during moments of peak pleasure—i.e. during feeding and sex for dogs, parties and sex for humans. So here's the point: those of you whose partners have the annoying habit of getting ever more sleepy and bored-looking as you desperately stimulate them in all the right places could be you're turning them on so much they've just got to fall asleep.

Menik Kaylan

The Small Earthworm

by Arno and Jodorowsky

THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT TIME FOR THE TWO TURTLE DOVES TO TAKE OFF
YARK YARK
THE LITTLE VILLAGE CONTINUED TO GLOW WITH CONTENTMENT
AND AS TRADITION REQUIRES DURING THE SEVENTH MONTH OF PREGNANCY, I UNITE YOU IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT GEAH.
VIVAAAAA
AND NOW, MY CHILDREN FLEE. GO HIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS BEFORE

HOURRREEEEE
Aiii
OVER THERE THEY'RE, OVER THERE! THE NEWLYWEDS!
PUSH HARDER!
HAHAHA, THIS WAY!
MAD
LET'S GO!
COME ON! THIS WAY! QUICKLY!
NO!
LET GO OF HER! SHE'S PREGNANT!
THE THIRST OF NER RHAMNUS IS THE LAW OF THIS WORLD. SOON THERE WILL BE NARY A CHANCE TO SEE A LIVING BLOSSOM ON MU DHARA
3

HAHA! WE'LL BE FAMOUS!
YEAH! AND THE YOUNG COUPLE SEEMS AS STRONG AS WE COULD POSSIBLY HOPE FOR
MUCH LATER, ON THE WAY BACK
OH NAD I'M AFRAID
SHUT UP YOU TWO!
MMMMMH
SUDDENLY
UAAAGR
?!
CAREFUL EVERYONE! THIS FOREST IS A TRICKY PLACE!
YEAH! AND IT'S AS DARK AS A MOUFFRE'S ASS!
THE THE PECKHOLT!
QUICKLY
4

HOLY BLACK ENTRAILS! THOSE PERKS MUST BE CONDEMNED
EAT THIS, MONSTERS!
KHAROO
HIIRK
THIS WAY QUICKLY!
WHAT A STAMPEDE AND NOW
LET'S LEAVE THIS WAY AS FAST AS WE CAN! THIS PLACE STINKS!
AND AT NIGHTFALL
WAHOO BACK AT THE FOLD!
5

HOWEVER, IN THE SHIP
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER! DRINKING THE LIFE OF ALL OF THESE BEINGS IS MAKING ME SICK! UGH! THERE IRON, FIRE, AND BLOOD! THIS IS SHEER HELL
LET'S GO DAUGHTER
I AM NOT YOUR DAUGHTER! YOU KILLED MY REAL PARENTS WITH YOUR DIRTY, BRUTE HANDS!
LITTLE BITCH! I'LL SMACK YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALLS OF THIS ACCURSED VESSEL!
CALM DOWN, NER
YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH THAT SHE'S MORE USEFUL TO US ALIVE THAN DEAD
YEAH, I GUESS SO
MASTER, I HAVE BROUGHT THE LAST CHARGE FOR YOUR PERUSAL
PERFECT
AND AT THAT MOMENT SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE VESSEL
AND MIRRA? WHAT SHALL WE DO?
HEY, CHILDREN LISTEN UP! ONCE YOU'VE PLACED THE ELECTRODE CAP ON YOUR HEAD, YOU WILL STEP IN THE HOLE DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF YOU!
GET READY TO LIVE THE LAST MOMENTS OF YOUR YOUTH
6

BON VOYAGE! HAHAHA !
AND WHILE THE GENERATORS ARE TURNED UP HIGH NO ONE TAKES NOTE OF LITTLE MIRRA WHO IS SLOWLY MOVING TOWARDS HIS MASTER
EH? WHAT IS THIS BEAST?
WHERE?
THERE! SHE MUSTN'T DRINK THE VITAL FLUID!
WAIT. YOU'LL SEE
M. MIRRA.
KHABOOO
A FEW MOMENTS LATER
ONE MORE GLASS, ASTRAL?
AND YOU LITTLE ONE, YOU DON'T WANT A LITTLE GLASS OF YOUTH?
GO HOME!
IF YOU CAN!
MAD THE BABY
YES, I KNOW

A LITTLE LATER IN THE FOREST
ADA THERE LOOK
MIRRA!
SHE IS ENORMOUS! BUT HOW?
SHE WAS TRYING TO SAVE ME! SHE MUST'VE SWALLOWED SOME OF THE VITAL FLUID WITHOUT KNOWING IT!
NAD! THIS TIME IT'S REAL!
ADA
GO ON PUSH I HAVE IT! GO ON! OH NO
?!
NO!
ADA DIED FOR YOU, MY SON, YOU, WHO ARE BORN WITH NO ARMS OR LEGS SUCH A SMALL EARTH-WORM!

TO BE CONTINUED .

El BORBAH in DEAD MEAT
DECEMBER
AND POLICE HAVE REPORTED ANOTHER SUICIDE THIS AFTERNOON THE VICTIM WAS A CAUCASIAN WOMAN IN HER LATE THIRTIES. THERE IS NO OTHER INFORMATION AT THIS TIME
BEAT UP WEAKLINGS
POW
Wrestl
KING!
A-Z
©1983 C. BURNS
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER THESE WORDS FROM OUR SPONSORS
YEH, THIS IS EL BORBAH! WADDA YOU WANT?
IT'S TIME FOR A BURGER A THICK JUICY BURGER COOKED TO PERFECTION
O.K. HOLD IT!.. LET ME WRITE THIS DOWN.
AND WHAT GOES WITH A BURGER? A THICK, CREAMY, BLORP!
ALRIGHT, I'LL BE THERE IN ABOUT AN HOUR

57
HEY LADY! I'M HERE TO SEE YOUR BOSS.
AHHH THERE YOU ARE PLEASE COME IN I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I EAT WHILE WE TALK I NEVER HAVE TIME FOR A DECENT LUNCH NOW. LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS I ASSUME YOU'RE AWARE OF THE RASH OF SUICIDES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN OUR CITY LATELY. WELL, THIS AFTERNOON THEY PULLED ANOTHER BODY OUT OF THE EAST R VER THAT TURNED OUT TO BE MY WIFE MY EX-WIFE THAT IS
THE POLICE SAY SUICIDE, BUT I KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I LIVED WITH HER FOR FOURTEEN YEARS!.. THE REASON WE GOT DIVORCED WAS BECAUSE I COULDN'T STAND HER OPTIMISM! .... HMMM . THIS BURGER IS PRETTY GOOD
SO WHY DID YOU CALL ME IN?
I KNOW THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE! I WANT YOU TO LOOK FOR ANY POSSIBLE ANSWERS TO HER, UH . SUICIDE.
OK BEFORE I GET STARTED I NEED THE STIFF'S ADDRESS AND A SET OF WHEELS.
.. OH.. UH, MY SECRETARY WILL TAKE CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS.

SO THIS MR SHRUGOFF WANTS ME TO CHECK OUT HIS EX-WIFE WHO JUST CROAKED HERSELF WHAT DO I CARE? AS LONG AS HE COMES ACROSS WITH THE FOLDING GREEN STUFF
HERE'S HER HOUSE BOY, THIS DAME MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED TO AFFORD A SPREAD LIKE THIS
HEY! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, OR I'LL DROP KICK YOUR FACE INTO NEXT WEEK!
EYOW! IT'S PRETTY RIPE IN HERE SMELLS LIKE SOMETHING CREPT IN, CRAPPED, AND CRAWLED AWAY!
HMMM . SHE WASN'T VERY GOOD AT PICKING UP AFTER HERSELF
BETTER HURRY UP. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
?
BOVINE BURGERS
Mrs Shrugoff, We regret to inform you that your employment at Bovine Research is terminated as of this notice. Sincerely, Mr E Harcass

LATER
BoVne
HI TOOTS I WANNA SEE MR KARCASS
I'M SORRY SIR, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE HIM WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT
THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING
YOU SECRETARIES GIVE ME A ROYAL PAIN IN THE ASS . I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF!
OK KARCASS! I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT A LETTER I FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEE'S .. IT JUST SO HAPPENS SHE'S DEAD AND I WANT YOU TO FILL ME IN ON SOME DETAILS...
WELL..UH, MRS. SHRUGOFF WAS ONE OF OUR EMPLOYEES, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING ELSE..
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!
?!
HEY! COME HERE "JOCKO". I WON'T HURT YOU..
HUH, HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THIS DOOR.
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH .. NOW STEP AWAY FROM THAT DOOR

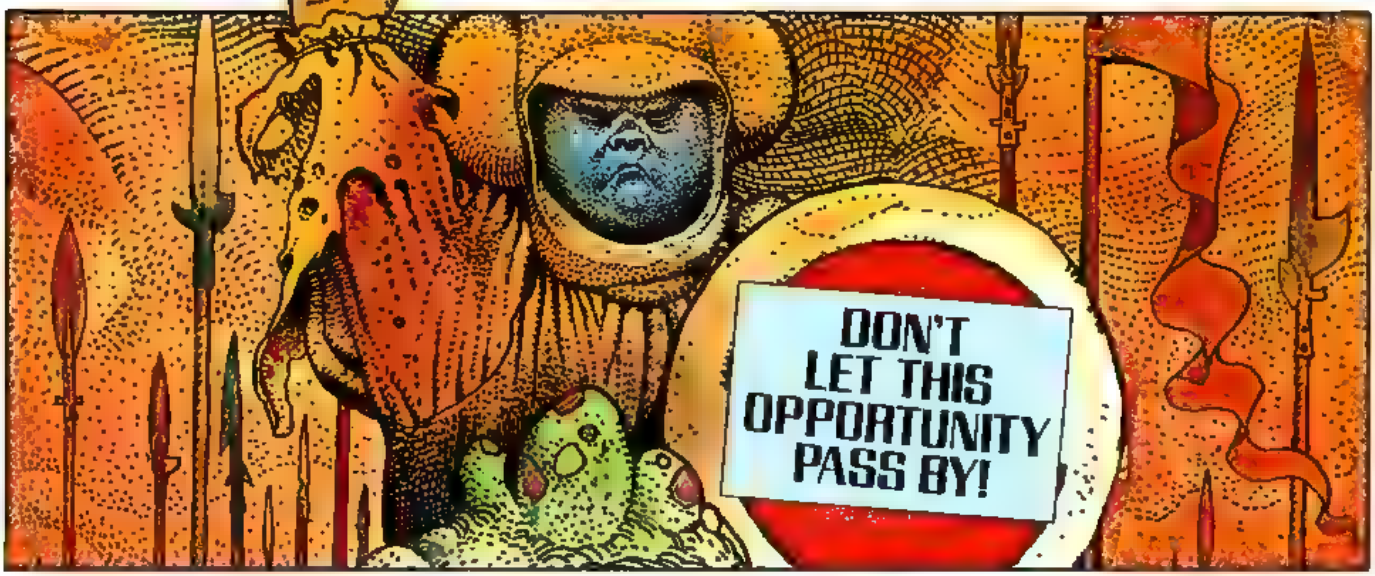
GIMME THAT GUN, YOU LOUSY LITTLE WIMP!
POW!
HMMM LUCKY YOU DIDN'T HIT ANY VITAL ORGANS NOW I WON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU
BUT I'M STILL GOING TO HAVE TO BEAT THE HOLY HELL OUT OF YOU!
I CALL THIS MY FROG PUNCH!
HOW ABOUT A DUTCH RUB?
NOW ... UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO CONTINUE WITH MY INDIAN BURN, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER TWO!
OK .ANYTHING BUT THE INDIAN BURN...

PLEASE MR ER EL BORBAH IF YOU'LL JUST LOOSEN YOUR GRIP, I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. NOW AT ONE TIME MRS. SHRUGOFF WORKED IN OUR PRODUCT RESEARCH DEPARTMENT
SHE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN DEVELOPING THE FAST FOOD SYSTEM THAT IS MAKING US A LEADER IN THE FIELD..
HERE.. LET ME SHOW YOU THIS BLUEPRINT OF ONE OF OUR NEW RESTAURANTS.
..AS YOU CAN SEE, THE INTERIOR IS BROKEN UP INTO A SERIES OF SMALL MODULES..
OVER HERE WE HAVE AN ACTUAL WORKING MODEL OF ONE OF OUR FOOD CUBICLES..
THE FOOD CUBICLES OFFER THE PUBLIC EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT.. PRIVACY, INSTANT SERVICE, AND FOOD THAT'S EASY TO EAT.
THIS UNIT IS ACTIVATED WHEN OUR CREDIT CARD IS INSERTED HERE. THEN YOU PRESS THE PICTURE OF THE FOOD YOU WANT...
. AND VOILÀ! A DELUXE DOUBLE BOVINE BURGER!
SO WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GEEKS WITH WIRES GROWING OUT OF THEIR HEADS?
OH.. THEY'RE BEING MONITORED FOR RESPONSES TO WHAT WE CALL OUR SECRET RECIPE.
. IN ORDER TO INSURE THAT OUR CUSTOMERS ARE SATISFIED AND WILL WANT TO COME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN, WE ENHANCE OUR PRODUCTS WITH... UM, UH... CERTAIN CHEMICAL ADDITIVES..

OK DIMWIT WHERE DOES MRS SHRUGOFF FIT INTO ALL OF THIS?
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME .I WAS JUST GETTING TO THAT
AS I MENTIONED BEFORE, MS. SHRUGOFF WORKED IN OUR PRODUCT RESEARCH DEPARTMENT .WE NOTICED HER WORK WAS GETTING SLOPPY AND UPON INVEST GATION WE FOUND SHE HAD MADE THE MISTAKE OF SAMPLING SOME OF OUR PRODUCTS .
NATURALLY WE HAD TO FIRE HER EVENTUALLY HER CREDIT AT OUR BOVINE BURGER OUTLETS HAD TO BE TERMINATED .I THINK THAT'S WHEN SHE GOT A LITTLE UPSET
UPSET ENOUGH TO CASH IT IN OFF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE! CREEPING JESUS!
ALRIGHT KARCASS . BEFORE I GO I WANT TO TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT... HMMM .LET'S START WITH THIS DOUBLE DELUXE BOVINE BURGER!
LATER
URRMM GUH!
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! I BUST MY ASS CHASING DOWN THIS ICED DAME . EVEN WIND UP CATCHING A SLUG FROM SOME GEEKS 45... AND WHAT DO I END UP WITH?
I BETTER TALK GREENBACKS BEFORE I SPILL THE BEANS TO MR. SHRUGOFF..

HEY DOLL-PUSS. I GOTTA SEE YOUR BOSS AGAIN . HERE'S THE CAR KEYS
SO IT TURNS OUT NO ONE PUSHED YOUR EX-WIFE OFF THE BRIDGE, BUT IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO TOSS THESE HAMBURGER PEDDLERS IN THE SLAMMER!
EXCUSE ME, EL BORBAH . YOU'VE DONE A SPLENDID JOB AND I ASSURE YOU YOU'LL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF, BUT IT SEEMS WE HAVE A CONFLICT OF INTERESTS.
IT JUST SO HAPPENS I'VE RECENTLY INVESTED A MAJOR PORTION OF MY HOLDINGS INTO BOVINE INCORPORATED ..
THEY'RE ONE OF THE FASTEST GROWING CORPORAT ONS IN AMERICA ..AND BESIDES I LOVE THEIR BURGERS. .
SAY .ARE YOU HUNGRY? I CAN POP A BURGER INTO THE MICROWAVE FOR YOU...
I'M LEAVING BEFORE I POP YOUR HEAD INTO THE MICROWAVE!
JESUS H. CHRIST! MY STOMACH IS GROWLING TO BEAT HELL...WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW IS A BIG BOWL OF CHILE AND A HALF RACK OF BEER...
RAND OPENING
END

THE HEAVY METAL BOOKSHELF



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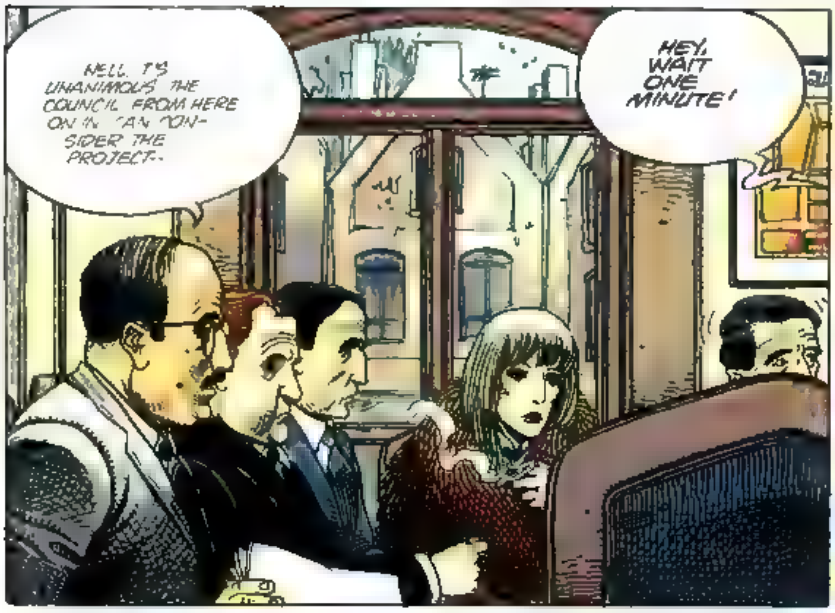
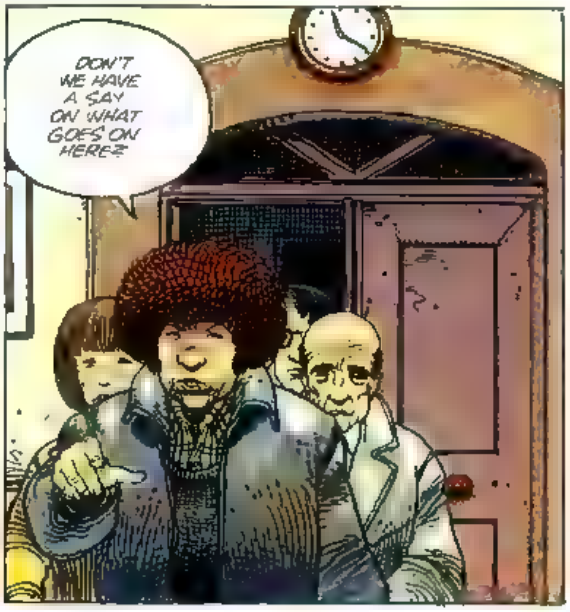
The City That Didn't Exist

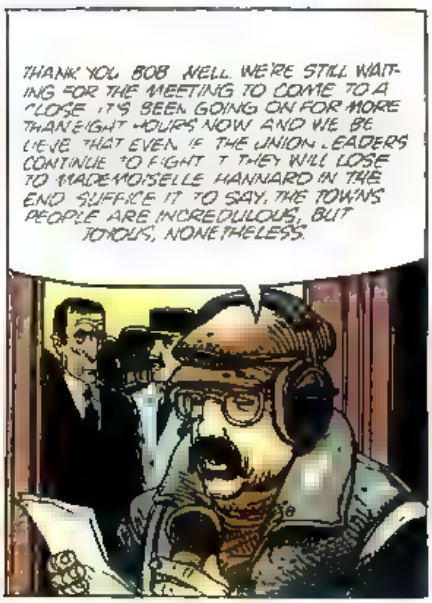
by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

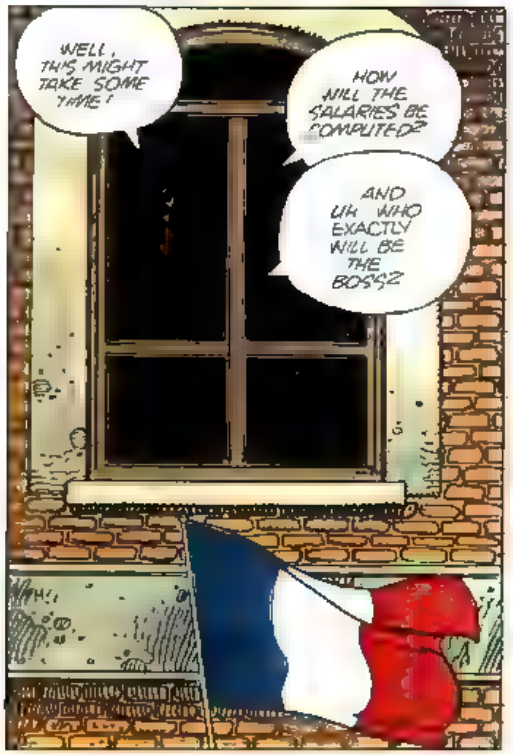
LAST WE READ, MADEMOISELLE HANNARD MET WITH THE OFFICERS OF HANNARD, INC. AND CONVINCED THEM ALL TO RELINQUISH THEIR CONTROL OF THE COMPANY. IN A STATEMENT MADE TO THE TOWNSPEOPLE, THE IDEALISTIC WOMAN ANNOUNCED THAT SHE WAS GOING TO BUILD A NEW TOWN, FOR ALL, WHERE EVERYONE WOULD LIVE AND WORK AS EQUALS.

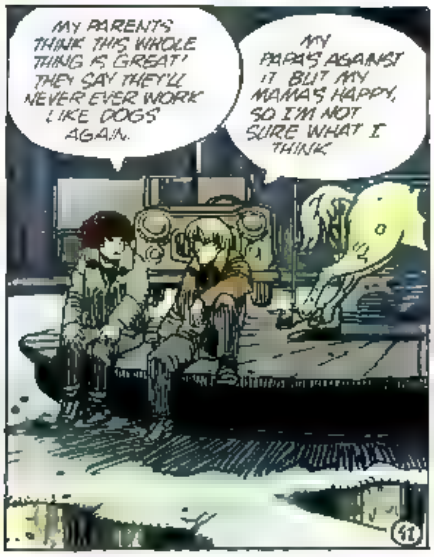


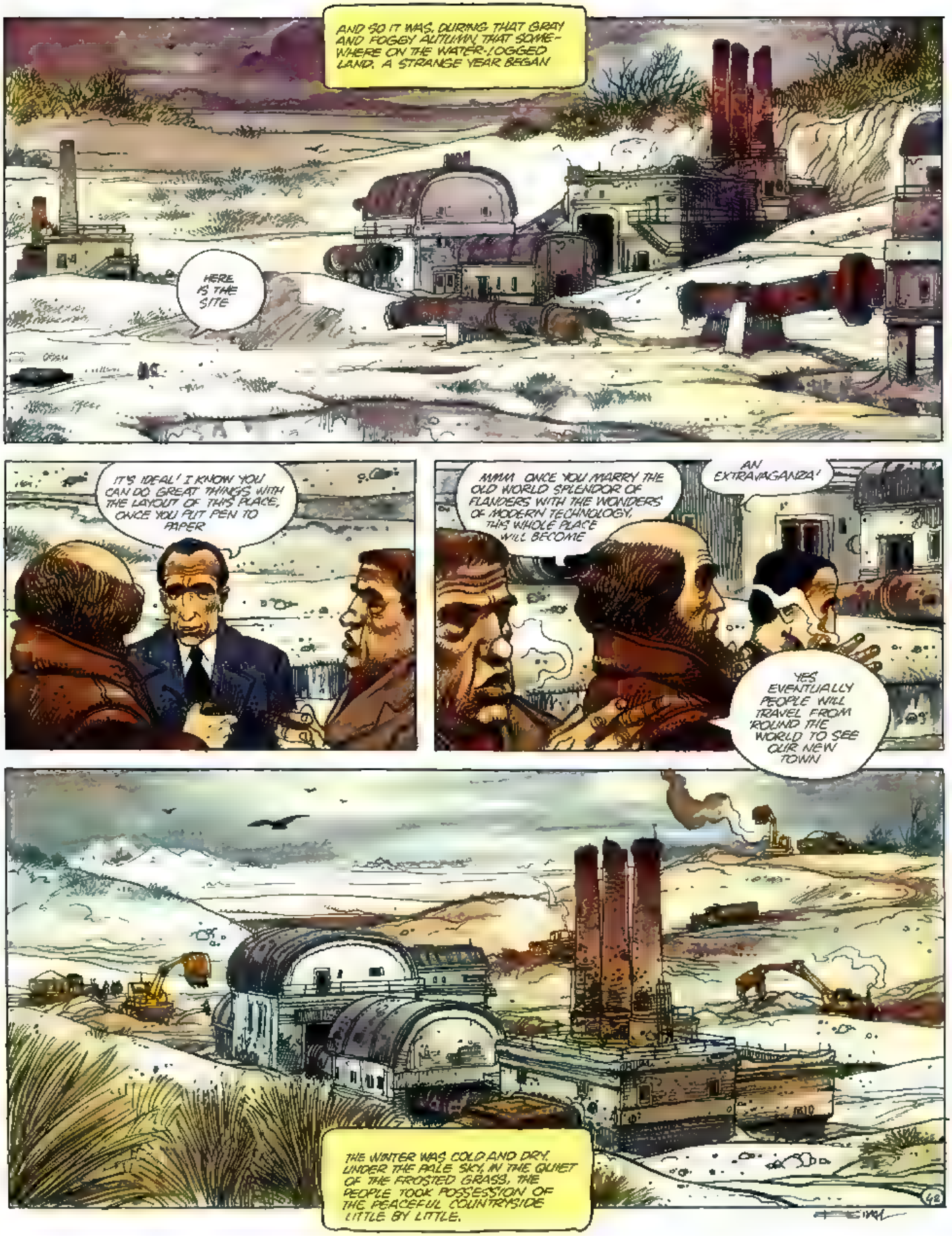


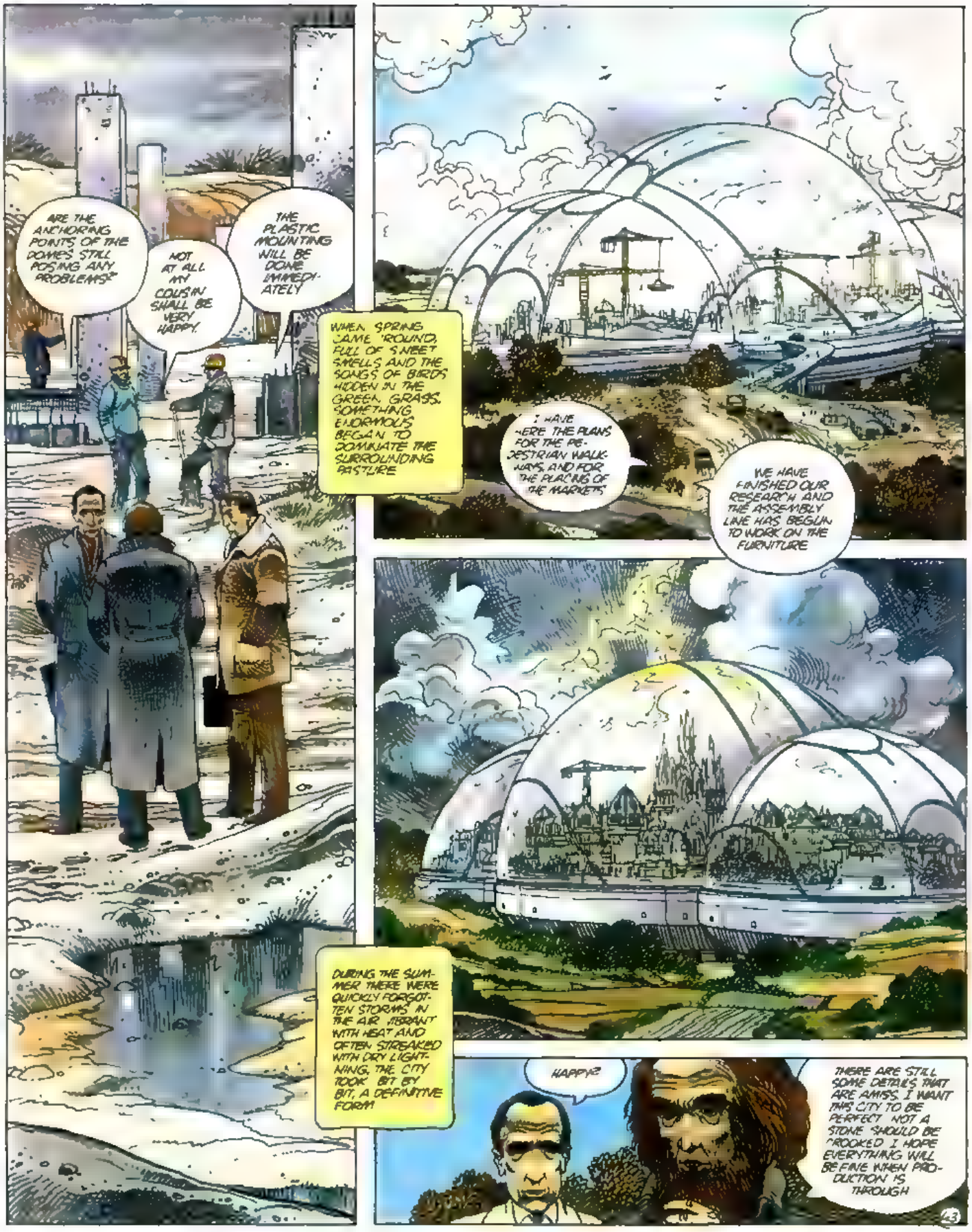
CERTAINLY, GENTLEMEN. CERTAINLY! MADEMOISELLE HANNARD IS READY TO TAKE ALL OF YOUR DEMANDS INTO ACCOUNT, AREN'T YOU?
I'M LISTENING


THANK YOU, BOB. WELL, WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR THE MEETING TO COME TO A CLOSE. IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR MORE THAN EIGHT HOURS NOW AND WE BELIEVE THAT EVEN IF THE UNION LEADERS CONTINUE TO FIGHT, THEY WILL LOSE TO MADEMOISELLE HANNARD IN THE END. SUFFICE IT TO SAY, THE TOWN'S PEOPLE ARE INCREDULOUS, BUT JOYOUS, NONETHELESS.

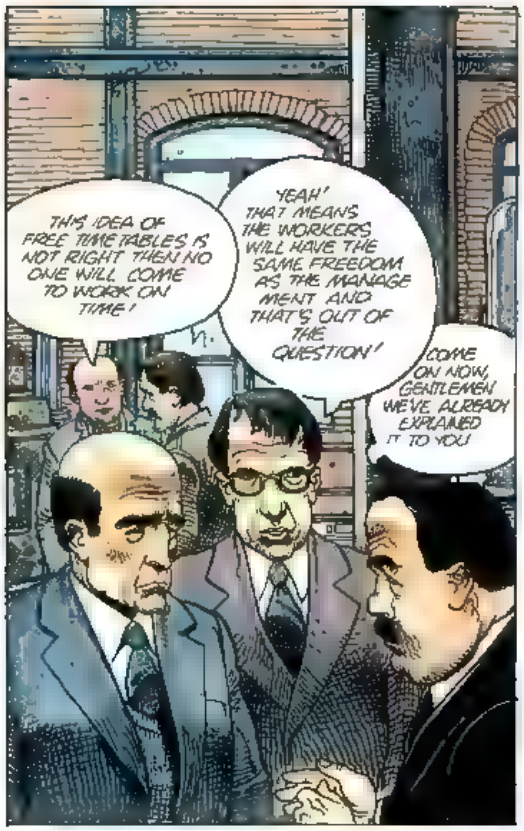


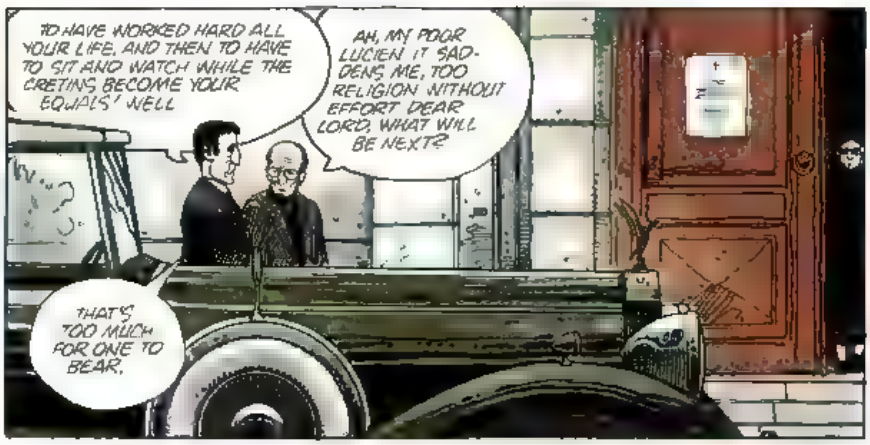

MY PARENTS THINK THIS WHOLE THING IS GREAT! THEY SAY THEY'LL NEVER EVER WORK LIKE DOGS AGAIN.
MY PAPA'S AGAINST IT, BUT MY MAMA'S HAPPY, SO I'M NOT SURE WHAT I THINK.

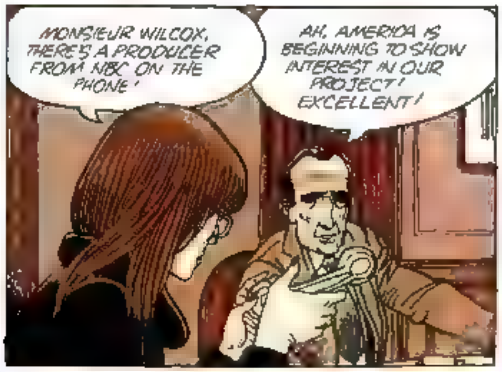

AND SO IT WAS, DURING THAT GRAY AND FOGGY AUTUMN, THAT SOMEWHERE ON THE WATER-LOGGED LAND, A STRANGE YEAR BEGAN
HERE IS THE SITE
IT'S IDEAL! I KNOW YOU CAN DO GREAT THINGS WITH THE LAYOUT OF THIS PLACE, ONCE YOU PUT PEN TO PAPER
MMM ONCE YOU MARRY THE OLD WORLD SPLENDOR OF FLANDERS WITH THE WONDERS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY, THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BECOME
AN EXTRAVAGANZA!
YES EVENTUALLY PEOPLE WILL TRAVEL FROM 'ROUND THE WORLD TO SEE OUR NEW TOWN
THE WINTER WAS COLD AND DRY. UNDER THE PALE SKY, IN THE QUIET OF THE FROSTED GRASS, THE PEOPLE TOOK POSSESSION OF THE PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE LITTLE BY LITTLE.
42


ARE THE ANCHORING POINTS OF THE DOMES STILL POSING ANY PROBLEMS?
NOT AT ALL MY COUSIN SHALL BE VERY HAPPY.
THE PLASTIC MOUNTING WILL BE DONE IMMEDIATELY
WHEN SPRING CAME 'ROUND, FULL OF SWEET SMELLS AND THE SONGS OF BIRDS HIDDEN IN THE GREEN GRASS, SOMETHING ENORMOUS BEGAN TO DOMINATE THE SURROUNDING PASTURE
I HAVE HERE THE PLANS FOR THE PEDESTRIAN WALKWAYS, AND FOR THE PLACING OF THE MARKETS
WE HAVE FINISHED OUR RESEARCH AND THE ASSEMBLY LINE HAS BEGUN TO WORK ON THE FURNITURE
DURING THE SUMMER THERE WERE QUICKLY FORGOTTEN STORMS IN THE AIR, IRRANT WITH HEAT AND OFTEN STREAKED WITH DRY LIGHTNING. THE CITY TOOK BIT BY BIT, A DEFINITIVE FORM
HAPPY?
THERE ARE STILL SOME DETAILS THAT ARE AMISS. I WANT THIS CITY TO BE PERFECT. NOT A STONE SHOULD BE CROOKED. I HOPE EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE WHEN PRODUCTION IS THROUGH
43

AND THEN, WHEN THE WIND AND THE RAIN ANNOUNCED A NEW AUTUMN, JADENCOURT, SO CLOSE TO OBLIVION, STILL KNEW MANY FEVERISH DAYS
AND MY GARDEN? WHAT WILL BECOME OF THAT?
I'VE SLOTTED IT FOR THE WESTERN PLOTS, HERE IT'S GOOD LAND, YOU'LL SEE
SO IT'S UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU'LL PUT ALL YOUR BEASTS IN OUR INTEGRATED SLAUGHTERHOUSE?
AGREED, BUT--
BUT, ONLY 120 MILES OF PASTURE LAND HAS BEEN SLATED FOR OUR USE. WE HAD HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF MILES IN OUR OLD PLACE
THE IRONWORKS AT ATELION ARE OURS--AND WE WANT TO DESIGN THE MODELS!
OKAY, OKAY!
WE SAW THE LOOMS AND THEY'RE FINE
THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DECIDE ABOUT IS THE WOOL
AND THERE'S NO CHANCE OF LETTING YOU DO THAT WITH YOUR WRETCHED TASTE!
MY WHAT TASTE? GOOD GOD, YOU'RE LUCKY THAT I'M OBLIGED TO ACCEPT SHODDY WORK FROM WHORES LIKE YOU BECAUSE
AND THE CLOTHES! WE KNOW WHAT WE WANT TO SEW!
YEAH! AND IT'S THE SAME FOR THE INTERIOR FIXTURES. WE ARE JUST WAITING FOR YOUR GO AHEAD.

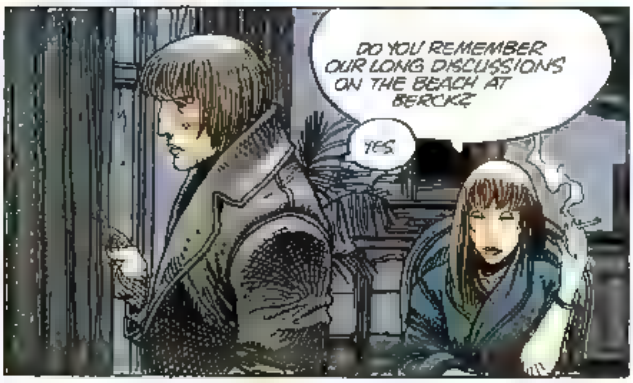

THIS IDEA OF FREE TIMETABLES IS NOT RIGHT THEN NO ONE WILL COME TO WORK ON TIME!
YEAH! THAT MEANS THE WORKERS WILL HAVE THE SAME FREEDOM AS THE MANAGEMENT AND THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION!
COME ON NOW, GENTLEMEN WE'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED IT TO YOU

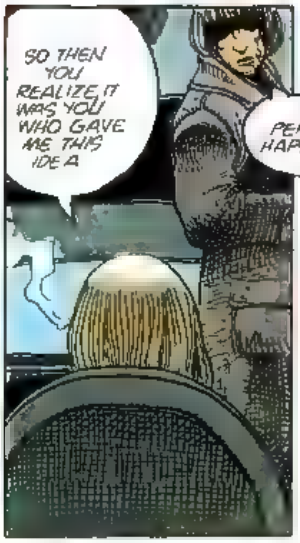

TO HAVE WORKED HARD ALL YOUR LIFE, AND THEN TO HAVE TO SIT AND WATCH WHILE THE CRETINS BECOME YOUR EQUALS! WELL
AH, MY POOR LUCIEN! IT SADDENS ME, TOO RELIGION WITHOUT EFFORT DEAR LORD, WHAT WILL BE NEXT?
THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR ONE TO BEAR.

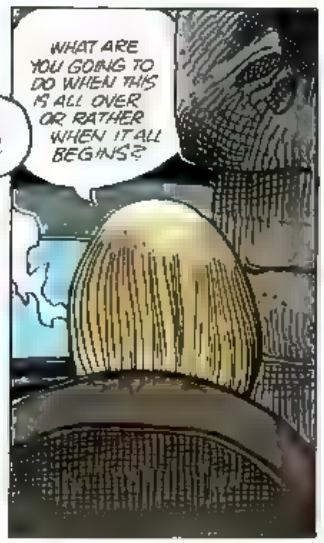

MONSIEUR WILCOX, THERE'S A PRODUCER FROM NBC ON THE PHONE!
AH, AMERIDA IS BEGINNING TO SHOW INTEREST IN OUR PROJECT! EXCELLENT!

WELL, I BELIEVE WE HAVE EVERYTHING IN ORDER FOR THE INAUGURATION THIS WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FESTIVAL EVER HELD IN THESE PARTS, MY FRIENDS.
MAIR

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, PAPA?
TO LOOK FOR WORK ELSE WHERE. MY SON IT'S OVER FOR ME HERE


DO YOU REMEMBER OUR LONG DISCUSSIONS ON THE BEACH AT BERCK?
YES.


SO THEN YOU REALIZE IT WAS YOU WHO GAVE ME THIS IDEA
PERHAPS.


WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER OR RATHER WHEN IT ALL BEGINS?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL I'LL LEAVE
45

AND FINALLY, ON A SUNDAY MARKED BY FREQUENT DOWNPOURS OF RAIN AND AN ODD BURST OF SUNLIGHT HERE AND THERE, THE OLD TADENCOURT WAS NO MORE.
COME ON, HURRY UP! WE'LL MISS THE BEGINNING OF THE CELEBRATION!
HEY, HO! IT WON'T RUN AWAY. THERE'S NO NEED TO RUSH!
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO LEAVE GEORGE?
YES, MARCELLE BUT I SINCERELY HOPE YOU AND THE KIDS WILL BE HAPPY THERE
YOU'LL COME AND SEE US SOON, RIGHT PAPA?
DON'T WORRY, LITTLE ONES I LOVE YOU

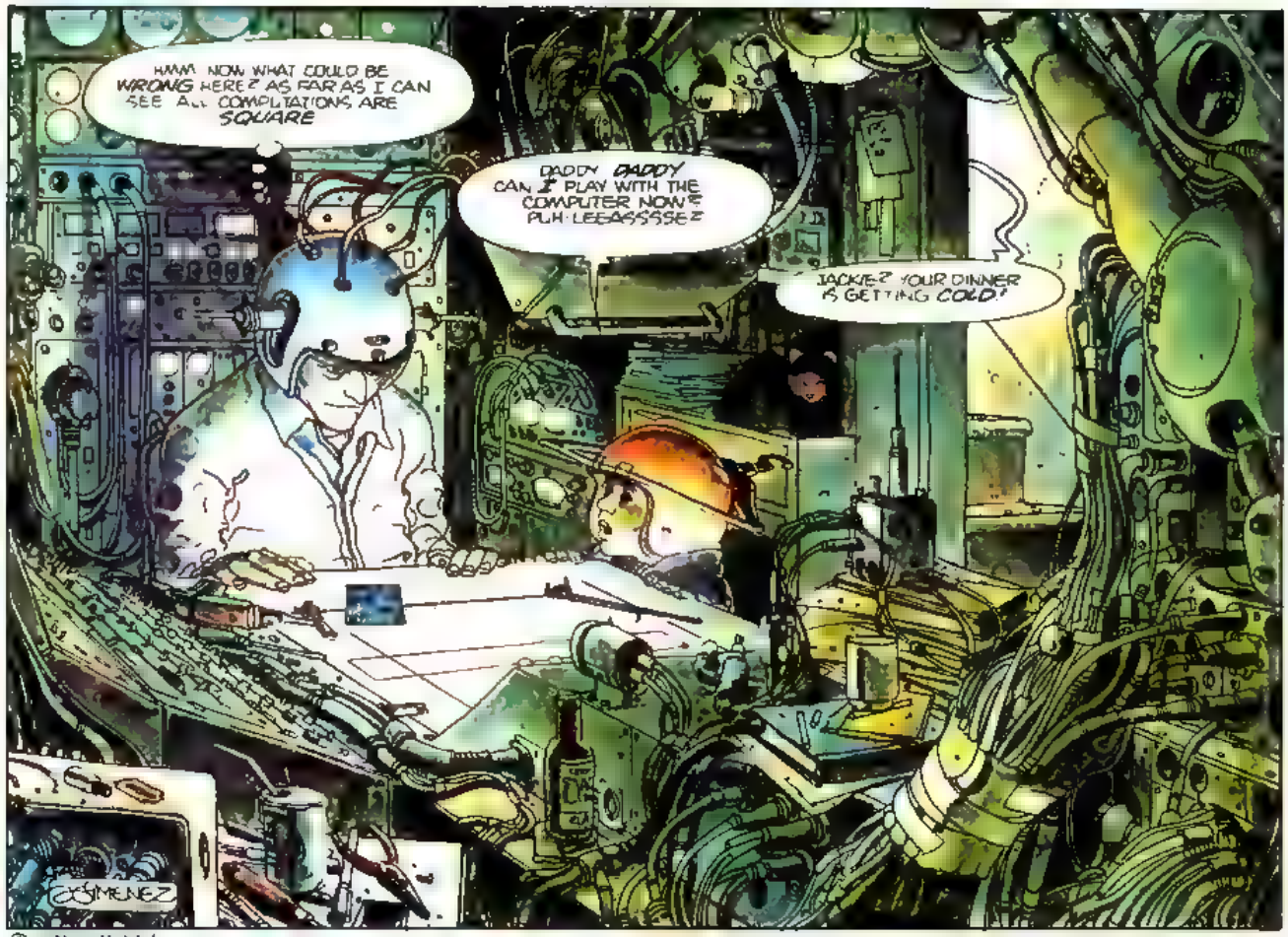
AND SO THE CELEBRATION BEGAN. THE NEW CITY WAS PERFECT. IT SHELTERED ITS INHABITANTS FROM THE ELEMENTS, FROM OTHER MEN AND THEIR CRIES, FROM OTHER CITIES AND THEIR CRIME AND POLLUTION
IT'S A MARVELOUS CELEBRATION, MADEMOISELLE!
THANK YOU, MR PREFECT!
I SEE THAT YOU WORKED ON JOB ENRICHMENT. QUITE A PLEASANT PLACE HERE
YES, AND WE EXPECT GOOD RESULTS
GO ON IT'S YOUR TURN, LOULOU!
EVERYTHING IS IN PERFECT TASTE THE ARCHITECTURE IS SPLENDID!
I HUMBLY BELIEVE IT YOUR LORDSHIP!
HOW BEAUTIFUL EVERYTHING IS!
DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET USED TO IT MAMA?
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

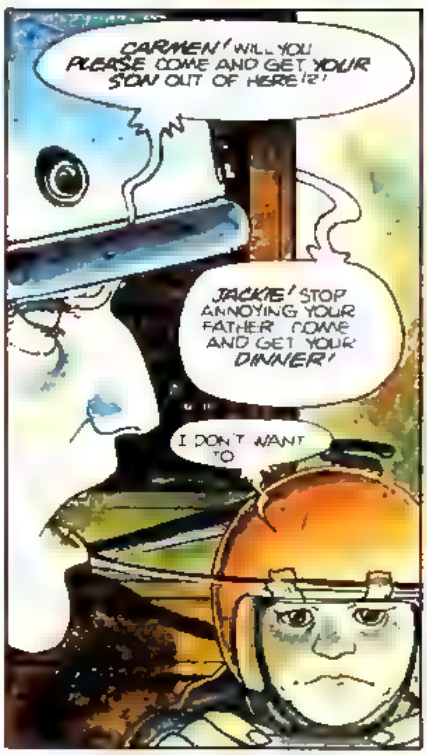
I'M AGE
.MPORTANT THINGS ARE AFOOT
EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DONE, THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO YOU, LEADS TO THE PRESENT
THAT MAKES ME FEEL IMPORTANT. YOU SEE, YOUR WHOLE LIFE HAS LED UP TO THIS, RIGHT NOW.
...LISTENING TO ME.

A Matter of Time

© Juan Giménez


HMM NOW WHAT COULD BE WRONG HERE? AS FAR AS I CAN SEE ALL COMPUTATIONS ARE SQUARE
DADDY DADDY CAN I PLAY WITH THE COMPUTER NOW? PLH-LEEASSSSE?
JACKIE? YOUR DINNER IS GETTING COLD!
GIMENEZ

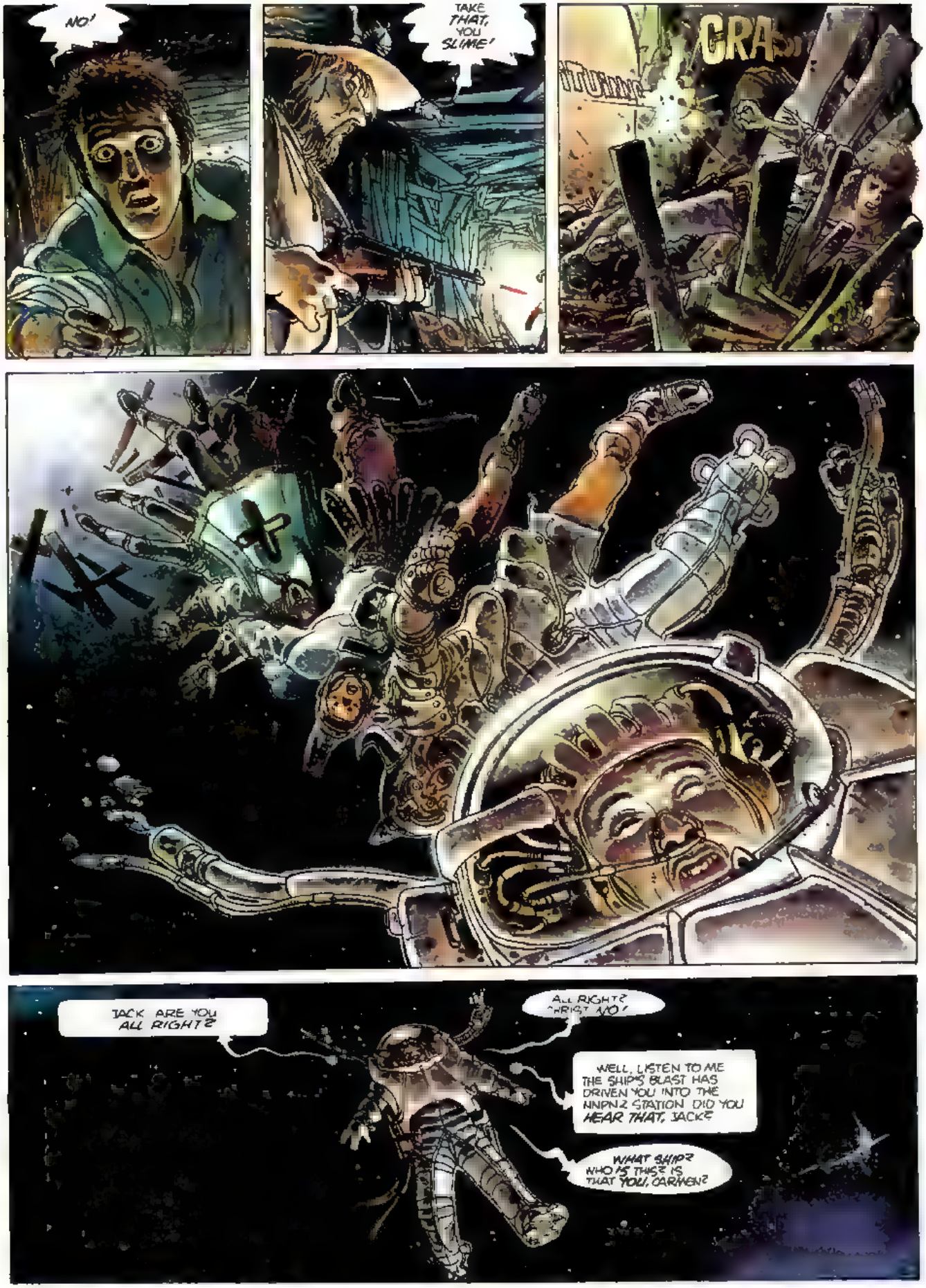
© JUAN GIMENEZ


CARMEN! WILL YOU PLEASE COME AND GET YOUR SON OUT OF HERE!?
JACKIE! STOP ANNOYING YOUR FATHER COME AND GET YOUR DINNER!
I DON'T WANT TO

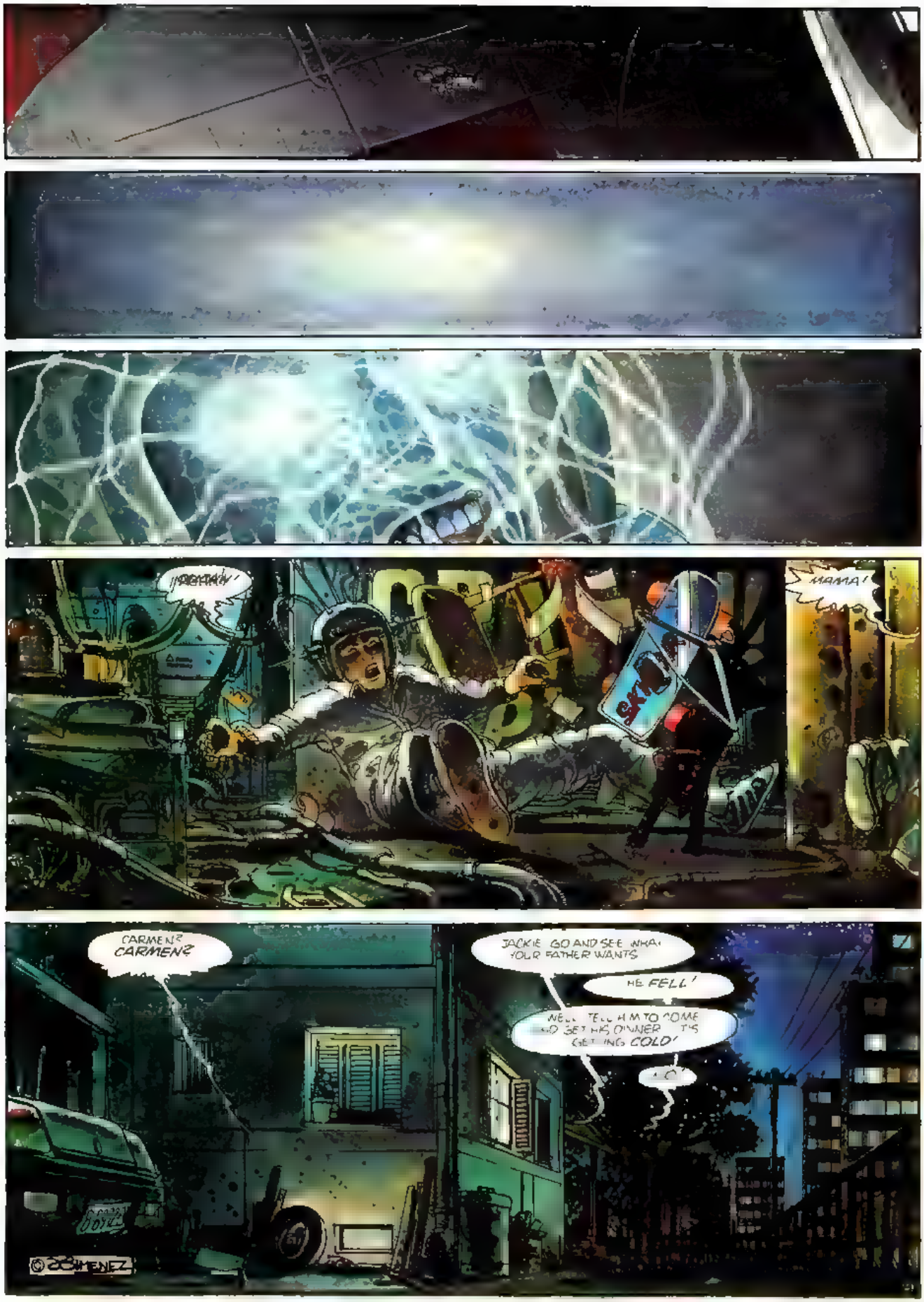
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? CARMENE?
HELP!
OH, MY GOD! THAT GUY IS AFTER ME! HE'S COMING STRAIGHT THIS WAY! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?
LN-193

HERE ME COMES!

I'VE MADE IT! AT LAST I'VE MADE IT! THAT WAS UNBELIEVABLE!
PAL
JACK? COME ON, I KNOW YOU'RE THERE! COME ON OUT-I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? SHIT. THAT DAMNED KID MUST HAVE PUSHED THE WRONG BUTTON NOW HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS MESS?
OKAY, JACK I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR SNIVELLING AND WHINING..!
IF ONLY I KNEW WHERE I AM BUT I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE MACHINE WITH ME! I'M SUNK!
HOLD IT, BUDDY OR YOU'RE THROUGH!


NO!
TAKE THAT, YOU SLIME!
CRA
JACK ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT? ^RIGHT NO!
WELL, LISTEN TO ME THE SHIP'S BLAST HAS DRIVEN YOU INTO THE NNPN2 STATION DID YOU HEAR THAT, JACK?
WHAT SHIP? WHO IS THIS? IS THAT YOU, CARMEN?

NO THIS IS UNIVERSAL CONTROL GENEVA LET'S BE FRANK HERE YOU'RE IN A REAL FIX, JACK YOU SHOULD BE LANDING ON NNPN2 ANY MINUTE NOW YOU MUST TRY TO BREAK YOUR FALL HEAR ME? TRY TO BREAK YOUR FALL!
BREAK MY FALL? BUT HOW?
WHAT'S THAT? PLEASE REPEAT!
LOOK I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY BEARINGS!
SORRY
LET'S SEE IF I CAN RE CONSTRUCT THE COMPUTER WORKINGS IN MY HEAD, OF COURSE, MAYBE
NNPN2
I COULD SUBLIMINALLY HOOK INTO THE DVV KIT THERE, I GOT IT!
JACK JACK?!?

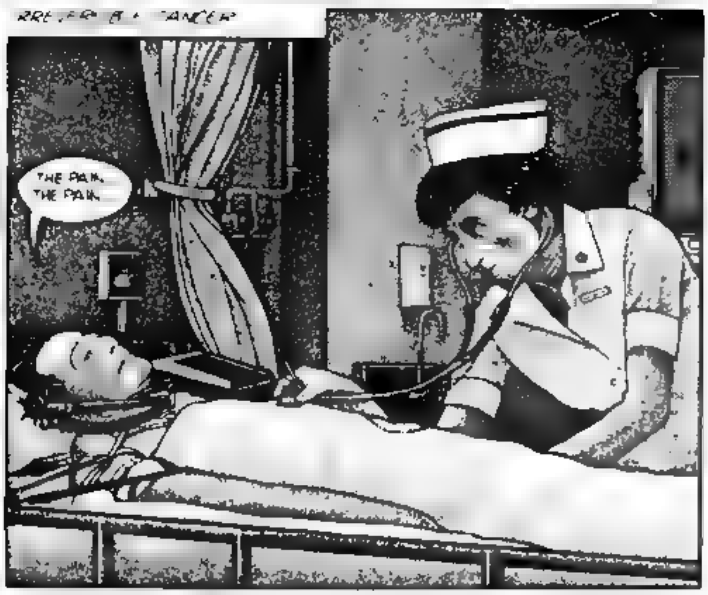

MAMMA!
SKI
CARMEN? CARMEN?
JACKIE GO AND SEE WHAT YOUR FATHER WANTS
HE FELL!
TELL HIM TO COME AND GET HIS DINNER IT'S GETTING COLD!
©COMENEZ

THE END

HM's STAR DISSECTIONS

©1983 DREW FRIEDMAN

ALL THIS AND FRANK SINATRA, JR., TOO



END

"Bathsheba" by Brian McCall

AN OLD FART AT PLAY:

CONVERSATIONS WITH CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

There's no doubt in my mind that Don Van Vliet (better known by his *nom de disc*, Captain Beefheart) is one of the most extraordinary humans on the face of the Earth. A few years ago, in a youthfully effusive frenzy, I called him an *ubermensch* (superman, for you non-Nietzscheans), something he's never let me live down. But the man isn't so much a superman, as . . . well, a separate genus and species of humanity all his own.

That's utter dogshit, of course—the man's body has the same creaks and groans, and produces the same stinky waste products as the rest of us stuck here on God's golf ball. But it's trying to figure out the workings of his mind—the wildest bouncing day-glo colored ball of vaseline you've ever chased—that gets you into trouble groping for metaphors beyond the linguistic fringe. Like all great creative anomalies, he's hewn his own universe form the meat of our cast-offs, and deposited himself at its center: a passionate, curious, intensely sensitive, cranky, and hilariously funny child who refuses to "grow up," and probably couldn't, even if he wanted to. He's an artist because his mind won't allow his body to sit still; his chosen mediums are oil on canvas, marker on sketch pad, words on paper, and vibrating air molecules on ear drum. His music is an exhilarating, euphonious cacophony, composed either on piano or whistled/hummed/scat-sung into a tape recorder to be meticulously transposed according to his exacting specifications by his band (including at the moment: Gary Lucas, guitar and management; Jeff Tepper, guitar; Richard Snyder, bass; Eric Feldman, keyboards, Cliff Martinez, drums).

The sounds made by the Magic Band ring in your head like no other music you've ever heard. Audacious, unheard-of harmonies dart and shimmer in the light, and leave strange, exotic tastes in your mouth. Swamp-motor rhythms both support and subvert the foundations of listener expectations—every time you reach out to lean on one, it's suddenly no longer there. It is an assaulting, cataclysmically intense, vastly entertaining, and fucking *humbling* body of work—one that I'm convinced will one day be regarded as a high point of our age.

Van Vliet was born in Glendale, California in 1941. His first album, a night's worth of steamy, psychedelic blues, was recorded in 1965, but not released until 1970 as *Mirror Man*. Since then, vinyl highlights of a career that's taken more ups and downs than Richard Nixon's include: *Strictly Personal* (1968; one of the essential documents of the psychedelic age), *Trout Mask Replica* (1969; a monument of deviant creativity), *Lick My Decals Off, Baby* (1970; a sort of twisted, Beefheartian pop album), *The Spotlight Kid* (1972; a sort of twisted, Beefheartian blues album), *Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)* (1978; Don in a mellow mood), *Doc At the Radar Station* (1980; my choice for the one album I want to be buried with), and *Ice Cream for Crow* (last year's reaffirmation of Van Vliet's vitality).

These days Don lives in a trailer in the middle of the Mohave desert with his wife, Jan. He is busily preparing for a major New York gallery show of his paintings, planned for sometime in the fall. In his spare time he has written about eighty songs for the next Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band LP, scheduled for recording in the late fall, probably for a Christmas release. He recently turned down an offer to produce Laurie Anderson's next album in order to concentrate on his painting. (*That* olympian clashing of sensibilities could've produced something interesting, to say the least.) This interview was conducted during one of Don's infrequent visits to New York, when by all accounts he is at his worst: terminally wired, sleepless, paranoid, overloaded with sensory input, and painfully sensitized to everything around him. It was one of the most difficult interviews I've ever done, and one of the best times I've ever had. You had to be there.

—Lou Stathis

A Useful Member of Society

HM: You once said that not going to school enabled you to remain a child.

DVV: Yeah, I still feel like a child—every day, everything is exciting and brand new to me.

HM: You think school removes the child from all of us?

DVV: Yeah, I think so. Why do they do that?

HM: To make you a more useful member of society.

DVV: Well, I'm certainly not useful. I'm quite natural, and that's why they don't want to use me. I don't want them to.

HM: It would be economically disastrous to have 200 million people like you in this country—lots of fun, though. How extraordinary do you think you are?

DVV: I don't—not at all.

HM: Do you think you're different from most people?

DVV: No, I don't think so. Well.. I do what I want, and most people don't. So in that way I guess I'm definitely different, cause I *do* do what I want.

HM: And that's all that sets you apart? You don't think you're gifted in any special way?

DVV: I'm smart as hell—I know that—and I don't have that many roadmaps on my head. People have roadmaps—I didn't want 'em, I didn't take 'em.

HM: And that was a conscious effort?

DVV: I fought it—totally. I may get hardening of the arteries, but never hardening of the eyes. I'm stubborn, real stubborn.

HM: How long can you hold out?

DVV: All along. Why not?

HM: And why haven't others done what they wanted to do?

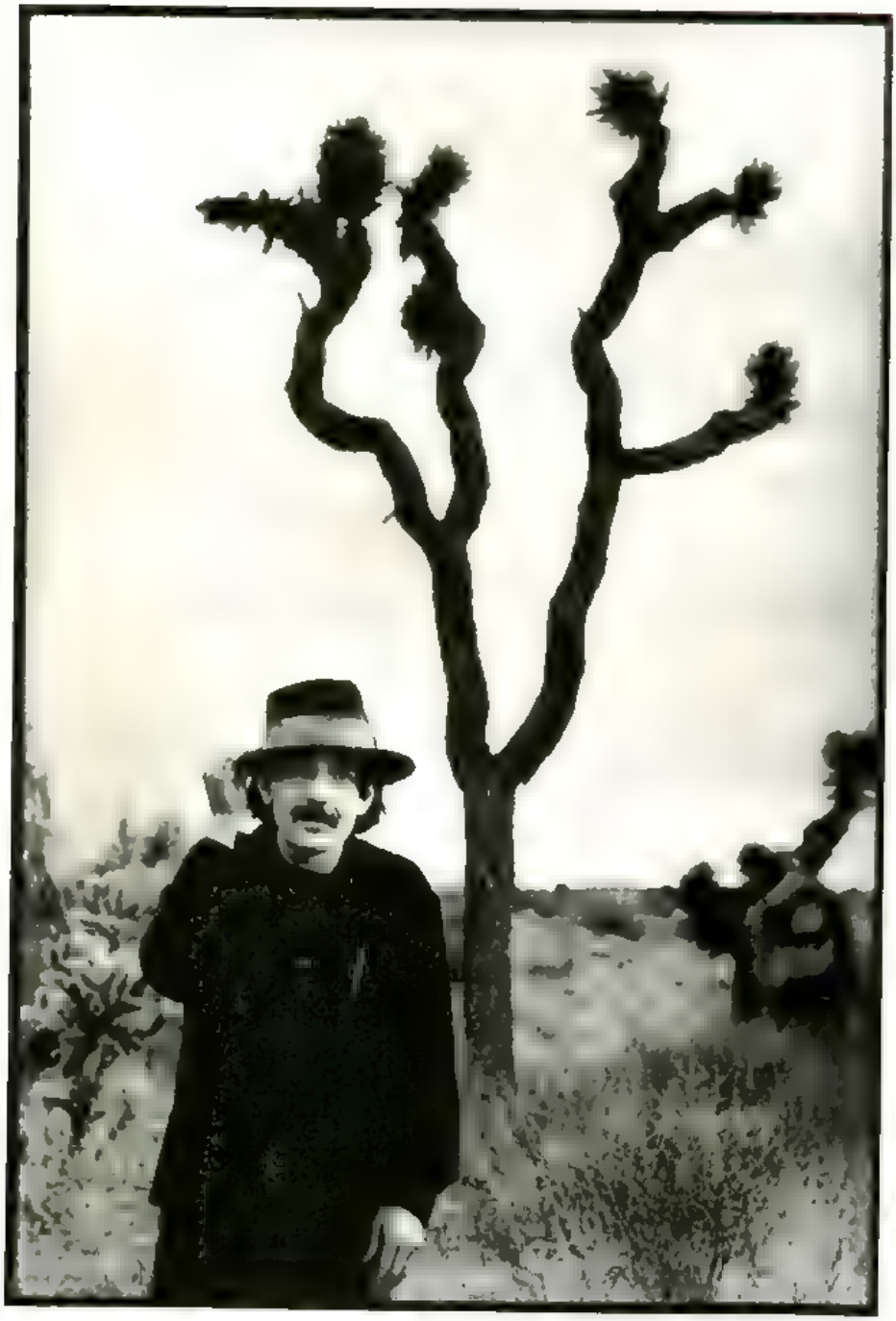
DVV: They're lazy. I work all the time. I haven't taken a vacation in my life. I'm working—writing, painting, and doing music all the time, day and night. I've seen the sun and the moon almost every day of my life. I make it a habit to see both of them. I want to see all of it, if I can.

HM: What do you think your art does for people?

DVV: I think it makes them breathe. I mean, I'm not so sure they should pay *too* close attention—I wouldn't want them to get hurt.

HM: Why not? It'd probably do them some good.

DVV: Probably. It's never hurt *me*.



He [Photographer Anton Corbijn] and I were in L.A., at the La Brea Tar Pits. We were sitting in the car, and I said, 'I'll take you to the right place—the *light* place.' We drove out into the desert and we had fifteen minutes of just the right light. I said, 'I'm a piece of meat, Anton. You just put me where you want me.' He just kept saying, 'I don't need to do that, this is fine.' And he told me to take my hat off for a moment, so I took my hat off, and he said, 'That's fine.' It was all done in fifteen minutes. I knew then that these would be the best [pictures] I'd ever seen."

HM: How does it feel to be one of the last remaining members of the avant garde?

DVV: I don't think there ever was any. Do you?

HM: Yeah, I think so—there's always been a group of people doing something totally different, working outside existing parameters and ignoring everyone else.

DVV: What group?

HM: You know—various art movements in the past: Dada, shit like that.

DVV: (wistfully) Oh yeah, wasn't that nice? All those painters.

HM: Well, all that seems to have disappeared. Do you think there's any room left for the avant-garde?

DVV: There better be room for those of us doing exactly what we want, cause that's what I'm going to do anyway. It's like in the record industry—they're totally desperate. The only way they're going to get out of their hole is to start paying attention to real artists.

HM: Drowning people rarely reach for what will save them—they'll grab anything they can.

DVV: Well, they won't get a hold of me. They'll get sucked in with me.

HM: That's optimistic, I think. They don't really hear anything unless it comes through their bank accounts.

DVV: Then I'll influence them through their dollar bills (makes dumb bird gestures). I'll tell you what, I ain't going nowhere. I mean, I'm going to stay here and do what I damn well please. I'll never *not* do what I damn please. There's no way I'll ever do anything I don't want to do.

HM: Do you feel at all like a dinosaur? A last member of a dying breed?

DVV: I feel like everyone else's been asleep. All along. And they'd better wake up.

HM: What's this shit about your never wanting to tour again. Is that true?

DVV: (grimaces painfully)

HM: Have you had it?

DVV: I'd've always had it. It was only a few people I played to, anyway. I mean, all the time that I was playing, there were only a few people—small pockets of people really listening.

HM: It isn't worth doing for the number of people you can reach?

DVV: I can't afford it. And it takes up too much time. I'd much rather stay home and work. I've got too much to do.

HM: But the thought of never seeing you and the band live again is painful to me.

DVV: Me, too, in a way. But I'm getting too selfish—*I'll* still see the band. We'll still make records—I've got more compositions to record now than I've ever had before. And this band—there's no end to the things I can do with them. They want to do *everything*.

HM: C'mon, tell me the truth—will you *really* never play another concert again? I'd even fly to *L.A.* to see you.

DVV: You would? Then we'll put on a concert for you.

HM: Talk about small pockets of people! If you're playing in a hall that seats two thousand, or so, what percentage of them do you think are awake? Five percent? Ten percent?

DVV: (laughs) I don't know; I never think of it that way. I hate lower mathematics.

Painting by Don Van Vliet, for the cover of *Conjunctions #3*, a literary magazine that includes some Van Vliet poetry, as well. For a copy, send $8.50 to: Bradford Morrow, 33 West 9th St., New York, NY 10011.

Painting In the Dark

DVV: (cringing Dracula like from the light) I'm photophobic. Light just puts my eyes out.
HM: Don't you go out in the daytime?
DVV: Of course not! For me to do that is really unusual. They're (pointing at eyes) really getting a treat when I do that.
HM: Don't you need light when you paint?
DVV: No, I know what I want on the canvas anyway.
HM: So it's more head-to-hand than eye-to-head-to-hand.
DVV: Sure, but the eye does have *something* to do with it. I'm trying to get my head-to-hand in shape, though, like Van Gogh. It's ridiculous, but I'll do it. Who's gonna tell me I won't? *Me*, and I'm not going to tell me I won't. I can do it with music, so I can do it with paint.
HM: How many paintings and drawings do you have stashed away that no one's seen?
DVV: *Thousands*. That shade on the *Ice Cream for Crow* cover (painting used for album cover painted on window shade.) was done during *Trout Mask*. My wife brought it out—I had done it during a rehearsal. She had it in her purse—she was saving the thing. Pulled it out one day and said, "Maybe you can use this."
HM: How are you preparing for your gallery show?
DVV: I'm painting like crazy—*really* painting. I mean, put me in front of an empty white square and I go *nuts*. And I'm doing these really big paintings—ten feet by ten feet, seven feet square . . .
HM: Are you working in the trailer?
DVV: No, I'm working out front.
HM: At night?
DVV: Yeah. I put up lights, but sometimes I walk away and paint in the dark. Sometimes, it's just a feeling, and you really don't need to see what you're doing—what am I saying? Of course you do. But I like to *feel* the damn paint, and the canvas with its big teeth. I feel like I'm being attacked by a big cloth werewolf. I mean, the feel of the softness and thickness of the paint with the brush—it's almost like fur.

Not Hot Enough

DVV: I'm moving to Arizona.
HM: Why the hell are you doing that?
DVV: It's hotter—it's not hot enough in Lancaster.
HM: You *like* the heat?
DVV: Yeah, as long as I have a swamp cooler—
HM: A fan and a pan of water?
DVV: —yeah. (Laughs.) Then I can *see* the heat. I love that. I want it as hot as it can get. I like the extremes, and the extremes in Arizona are *fantastic*! Winter is really cold—there's *snow*—and the heat is real *hot*. Extremes are kind of pleasant to me.
HM: That would drive me crazy—it bothers me about N.Y.C.
DVV: Yeah, but you enjoy it. That's why you're here— you enjoy going crazy.
HM: I enjoy the result, but not the process. Doesn't it make you at all physically uncomfortable?
DVV: Nah. I had asthma as an infant, so I need plenty of space to breathe.
HM: How the hell can you breathe at all when it's so damn hot?
DVV: Well, you have to really *try*.
HM: And that's *good*?
DVV: I think so. That way you can't relax. I'd hate that. Then you'd get *laaadd baaack* (burlesques total muscle relaxation) Yecch, I hate that, y'know, "Hey man, I'm laid back." Like the music—fly spray music. Yeah, I wouldn't mind leaving L.A. *at all*.
HM: What sort of environment will you set up for yourself in Arizona?
DVV: I'd like it to be near Tempe, but way out in the desert. I'll have a house, and a studio to paint in.
HM: Have you found a place that you want?
DVV: No, I'm going to build it.
HM: With your own little hands?
DVV: Yeah. (Laughs hysterically.) My own little hands.

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

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THE ILLUSTRATED CLAN

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AT THE RAYBURY PUBLISHING HOUSE...
AN ENTIRE FAMILY OF AUTHORS--HOW UNUSUAL. TELL ME, WHAT SORT OF BOOKS DO YOU WRITE?
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MISUNDERSTOOD ME. I DIDN'T SAY WE *WROTE* BOOKS I SAID--
--WE *ARE* BOOKS! A CRAZY OLD GYPSY WOMAN TATTOOED US FOR A MOVIE ROLE. THE ILLUSTRATIONS WERE SUPPOSED TO COME OFF WITH SOAP AND WATER. THEY DIDN'T. INSTEAD THE PICTURES BEGAN TO *MOVE*, FORMING STORIES
MY SPECIALTY IS SCIENCE FICTION
I AM GOTHIC ROMANCE
I AM MYSTERIES.
ASTONISHING! AND YOUR YOUNGEST--WHAT IS HE? WESTERNS? ADVENTURE?
COMICS.
cuti

RANXEROX

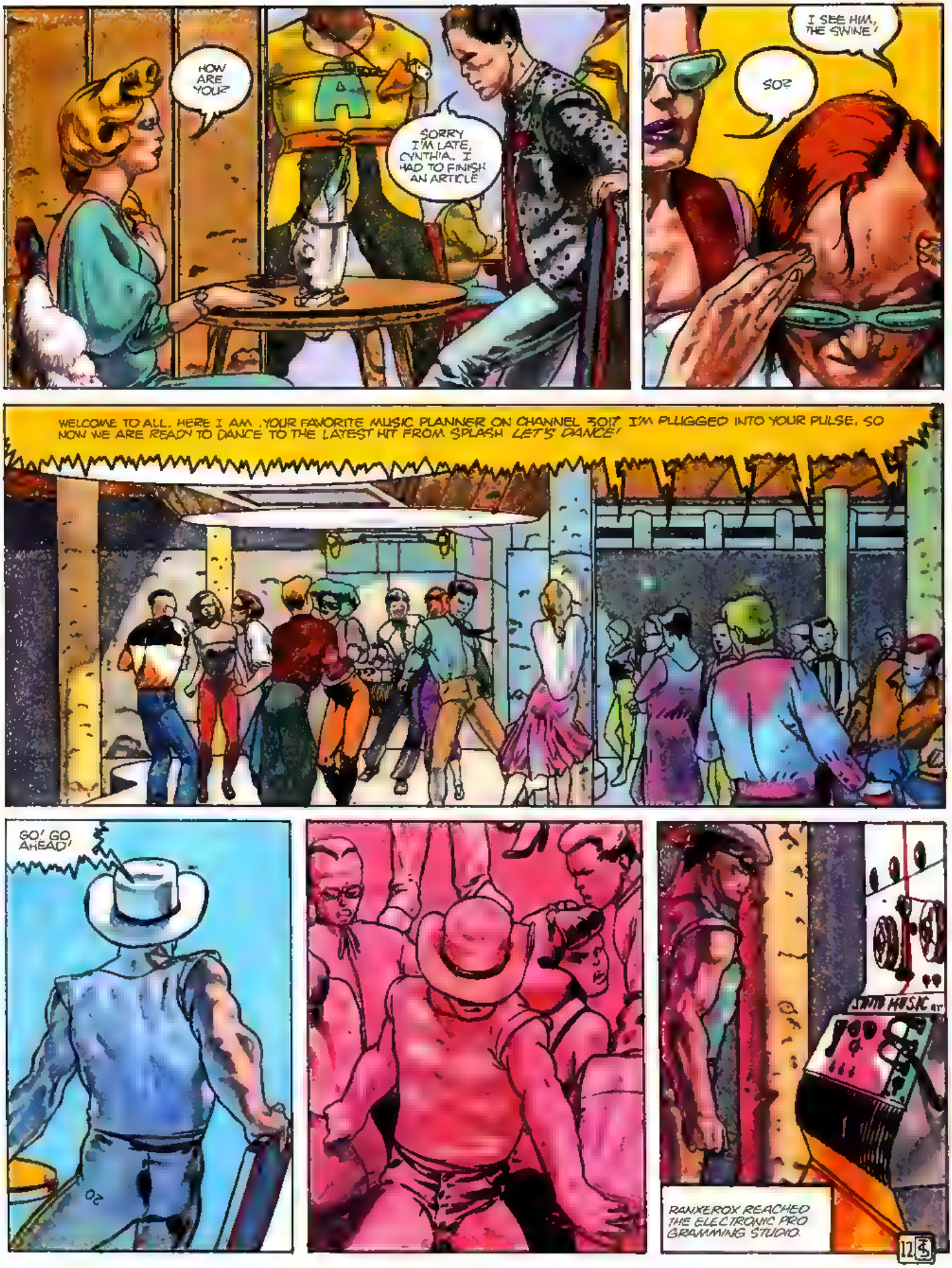
LAST MONTH, LUBNA WAS KIDNAPPED AND RANXEROX WAS LEFT AT THE FOOT OF THE COLISEUM, HIS MECHANICAL BRAIN DISCONNECTED.

RANXEROX'S ELECTRONIC BRAIN IS STRUCTURED SO THAT SYNTHETIC EMOTIONS CAN BE PRODUCED. GIVEN THREE TYPES OF PRIMARY STIMULI, SUCH AS COLOR, TIMBRE OF VOICE, AND SMELL, MECHANICAL RELAYS ARE RELEASED WHICH DETERMINE HIS PASSION (HATE, LOVE, INDIFFERENCE). THESE FEELINGS ARE RUDIMENTARY AND OFTEN UNSTABLE THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CHANGE WITHIN SECONDS. MOREOVER HE MAINTAINS A VULGAR ANIMAL INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL. THE ONLY MYSTERY REMAINING CONCERNS THE INCREDIBLE LOVE RANX HARBORS FOR LUBNA, WHICH IS PROBABLY DUE TO A KICK IN THE HEAD HE ONCE INCURRED DURING A BARROOM BRAWL – BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY ENTIRELY

THE ELECTRONIC CONSCIENCE OF RANXEROX IS FUNCTIONING ONCE AGAIN AND IS TURNED ON TO THE FEROCIOUS HATE CYCLE

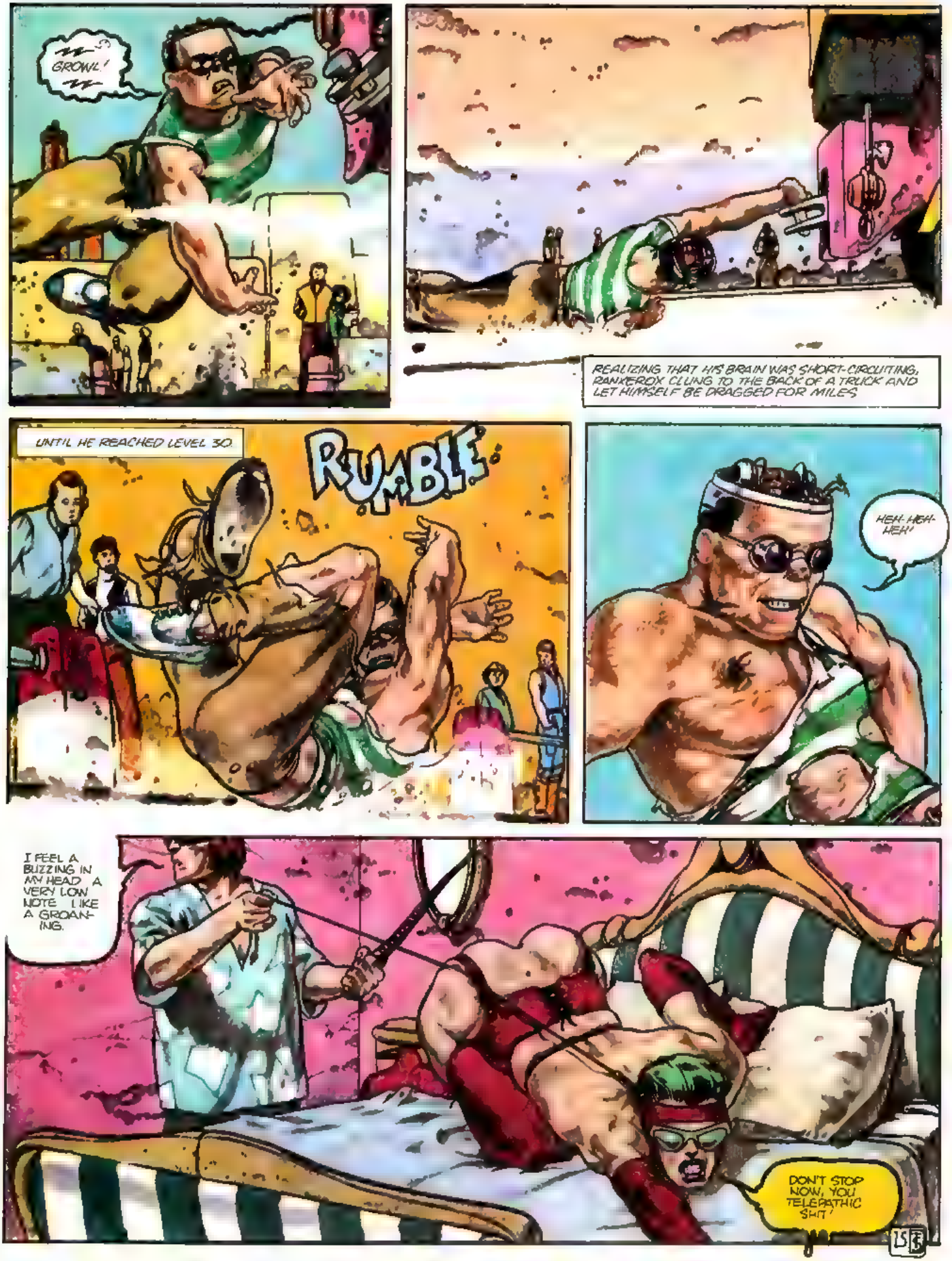
EH, FRIEND! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
LAMP
THUMB
MEANWHILE AT THE TELE PATHIC PAINTER'S STUDIO
PERFECT, RANX IF YOU WANT LUBNA BACK YOU MUST DO EVERYTHING I SAY GO INTO THAT BAR ACROSS THE STREET
OKAY, NOW STAY SEATED AND WAIT
SNORT!
SIR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A ROSE?

KRŌK
AH!
THAT WAS INCREDIBLE DID YOU SEE THAT?
HM?
WELL DONE, OLD MAN!
COULD YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF SIR? WE ASK ALL OF OUR DINERS TO REMOVE THEIR HATS WHEN THEY SIT DOWN.
TURN AROUND, RANX HERE'S YOUR MAN
OH!
AT SEVENTEEN, GEORGE FOX IS THE MOST LISTENED TO AND FEARED ART CRITIC IN ROME.
SIR YOUR HAT OOURKK


HOW ARE YOU?
SORRY I'M LATE, CYNTHIA. I HAD TO FINISH AN ARTICLE
I SEE HIM, THE SWINE!
SO?
WELCOME TO ALL. HERE I AM, YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC PLANNER ON CHANNEL 301? I'M PLUGGED INTO YOUR PULSE. SO NOW WE ARE READY TO DANCE TO THE LATEST HIT FROM SPLASH LET'S DANCE!
GO! GO AHEAD!
RANXEROX REACHED THE ELECTRONIC PROGRAMMING STUDIO.
12

♪ I FOUND MY DEATH IN PORTOFINO ♪
MOVE LIGHTBULB! PLUG INTO AMPLIFIER! AND KILL, IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND ALIVE AGAIN!
GRIIIIKKK
I LOST CONTACT WITH RANXEROX! I THINK THE FUSES MUST HAVE MELTED! SHIT WHAT LUCK!
AGAIN?
LISTEN RAINER MAYBE IT WASN'T NECESSARY TO TRY AND ELIMINATE FOX IN ORDER TO PREVENT HIM FROM FINDING OUT ABOUT YOUR SHOW
YOU ALWAYS CONTRADICT ME YOU HAVE NEVER AND PROBABLY NEVER WILL UNDERSTAND ME!

POP
GRIND
FRIIIIIIIIIIIZZLE
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO STARTED THIS WHOLE MESS! YOU COULD'VE KILLED ME TOO! I'M LUCKY THESE MICRO RECEIVERS PROTECTED MY EAR-DRUMS
I LOVE WILL TEAR US APART.
POW
POW
YOU KILLED MY WIFE! THIS IS FOR YOU! DIE LIKE A DOG!
POW
AAAAUUUUUUGGGRRR! LUBNA! I LOVE YOU OR AUUUGGGRRRR! TO BE YOU!


GROWL!
REALIZING THAT HIS BRAIN WAS SHORT-CIRCUITING, RANKEROX CLUNG TO THE BACK OF A TRUCK AND LET HIMSELF BE DRAGGED FOR MILES
UNTIL HE REACHED LEVEL 30.
RUMBLE
HEH-HEH-HEH!
I FEEL A BUZZING IN MY HEAD A VERY LOW NOTE LIKE A GROANING.
DON'T STOP NOW, YOU TELEPATHIC SHIT!

RAAAAGH
LUBNA ... WHERE IS SHE? WHERE?
SHE HAS BEEN EXPOSED TO LAMPEDUSA AAIIEEE!
MY MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT!
IT'S A HYPER-REALISTIC JOB - I CALL IT "CADAVER OF A YOUNG DRUG ADDICT"
ROK
GROWL! MBECILE!
GLORIA!, QUICK! THE REVOLVER IS IN THE DRAWER!
DO YOU HEAR ME, RAINIER? YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
RING!
OH, GEORGE, MY BABY! HOW ARE YOU? YOUR MOTHER WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!
16

TO BE CONTINUED

To Whom It May Concern:

I don't care what anyone says, *HM* remains unique among the graphic publications available today. Those who feel that your magazine's quality is declining are, I suspect, suffering from a syndrome comparable to that experienced by long-term heroin addicts. The first few jolts are terrific, but after a while the body's metabolism adjusts to the drug, and the high is no longer a "special" experience, but merely a common, everyday occurence, like breathing. In other words, your readers have become jaded by too much of a good thing! I don't believe your quality is declining—if anything I've noticed a general improvement over the years. Your early issues placed a heavy (oops!) emphasis on graphic *tours de force*, often at the expense of a coherent story line. Crepax's "The Man From Harlem" represents a recent case in point, with its tight plot, and cogent characterizations. I found the artist's earlier "Valentina" series visually exciting, but conceptually vague.

Frank Thring's letter (Chain Mail, Feb. '83) has gotten my dander up, because it sums up the pathological bent of many of your critics. Mr. Thring eschews mass culture (whatever that is) and "reflections of contemporary reality," preferring, I suppose, a return to the Hyperborean Age. Since *HM* can be obtained at nearly any drugstore, it must be seen as representative of "mass culture" and as "a reflection of contemporary reality." Ergo, to Mr. Thring's mode of thinking, *HM*'s quality has declined because it no longer appears to cater to an intellectual elite willing to search out copies in esoteric basement shops cluttered with fanzines and back issues of *Machine Man*. I hate to disillusion Mr. Thring—particularly since he seems to set great store by being in a state of illusion—but since neither graphic art (neé "comix") nor sf/fantasy writing were around during the pre-industrial age, *all* efforts in those mediums are "reflections of contemporary reality"—as is the fact that you have to sell your magazines to a wide audience in order to continue to produce them. In fact, Mr. Thring's own yearnings to escape "contemporary reality" are, in and of themselves, a reflection of the same.

Sorry to go on like that. I guess I really took issue with Thring's attack on Kierkegaard's "Rock Opera," which I've been following since it was a feature in D.C.'s own *Unicorn Times*. It's invariably the first thing I turn to when I buy a new issue of *HM*. Long may it run!

W. Luther Jett
Point of Rocks, MD

Dear Metaloids:

As one who is interested in the bizarre and surreal aspects of the human imagination, I am, of course, drawn to your magazine. I await new issues eagerly, and I'm rarely disappointed. The illustrated work is always at *least* interesting, and Mr. Stathis's musical tastes are the best in any American publication. My only problem is that it takes me about an hour to knock off a typical issue. Then it's another month's wait for the next installment. This is why I strongly urge you to expand the prose within your pages. I don't consider *HM* "merely a comic book," and I feel its potential to be something truly unique should be exercised. I'd like to see more extended interviews with rock musicians, filmmakers, and sf writers. I know the prose vs. comix debate has been plaguing you for quite a while . . . please consider *(We have and we are. We hope to make extended interviews a regular* HM *feature, spotlighting unique creative talents from every part of the HM spectrum.—ls)*

As to the great "Rock Opera" controversy, I think Rod Kierkegaard is the most perceptive contemporary comic/satirist since the Firesign Theater. Lose him and you lose me.

Ulysses Leviticus
Morgan Hill, CA

To Lou Stathis:

With the February '83 issue of *HM* you managed to bring your rag to a new low. For four years I've watched you slice, dice, and fry records that deserved more (a lot more) of a chance than you gave them. Your listing of "Some (Records) I Couldn't Bear To Listen To . . . " shows that not only are you unjustly prejudiced but proud of it! It seems to me *HM*'s entire readership would be better off if you reviewed *Mousercize* or the Richard Simmons album *(Look for them next month.—ls)*, and let music stand as it is: music for the pure fun of it! Please don't try to explain everything, life gets so dull that way.

Andy Herd
Ft. Worth, TX

Do I dare make the world a duller place for a moment or two more? As to that list: every one of us has prejudices. To deny that is self-deluding, and in the case of a critic, pernicious. That list was my—admittedly smartassed—way of honestly presenting my prejudices (which is more than you get from most critics). I'm not proud of them; just aware. As to the greater Cosmic value of writing about music: sure it's mostly pointless jacking-off, but if I can offer some unique insight into the process or the product (and I think I do), then it's worth it. It's also my job to make it interesting enough for you to want to read it. And I think there's much more to music than just the fun of it.—ls

Dear Julie, John, Lou, etc.:

I've noticed recently a lot of comments in Chain Mail along the lines of, "Stop printing boring crap like Bilal and give us stories we can understand." Well, I'm finding such letters a bit alarming. The stories people should be acclaiming are the very ones they're putting down—Bilal's "The Immortals' Fete," "Progress," and "The Voyage of Those Forgotten," Moebius & Jodorowsky's "The Incal Light," Druillet's "Yragael," and so on. I'm beginning to get the impression your average reader has an I.Q. of five, and a tremendous fear of being forced to think. Don't ever let those who want *HM* to be nothing but pseudo-humorous pornography and gore, in order to satisfy their needs for adolescent fantasies, take over completely! Otherwise each month we'd have nothing but Macedo ("Jungle Rock") and Fernandez ("Zora"), which while having pretty colors and big tits, have about the depth of a creek on Tatooine in summer! Comics are an artform, so as the English Speaking World's Major Alternative, *(Gulp!—ls)* don't abandon the artists and writers who are really trying. As Jean Giraud (Moebius) said: "An adult comic takes the whole concentration of the creator. One can see it as artistic expression, with all that goes with it . . . As for the comic for adults, well I think that this is a synonym for demagogy." I suggest y'all read "Rock Opera," April 1982.

Dylan Horrocks & Tim Rahy
Auckland, New Zealand

P.S. Congratulations to Mike Hinge *(Who's an ex-Enzer—ls)* for his September 1982 publication in *HM*.

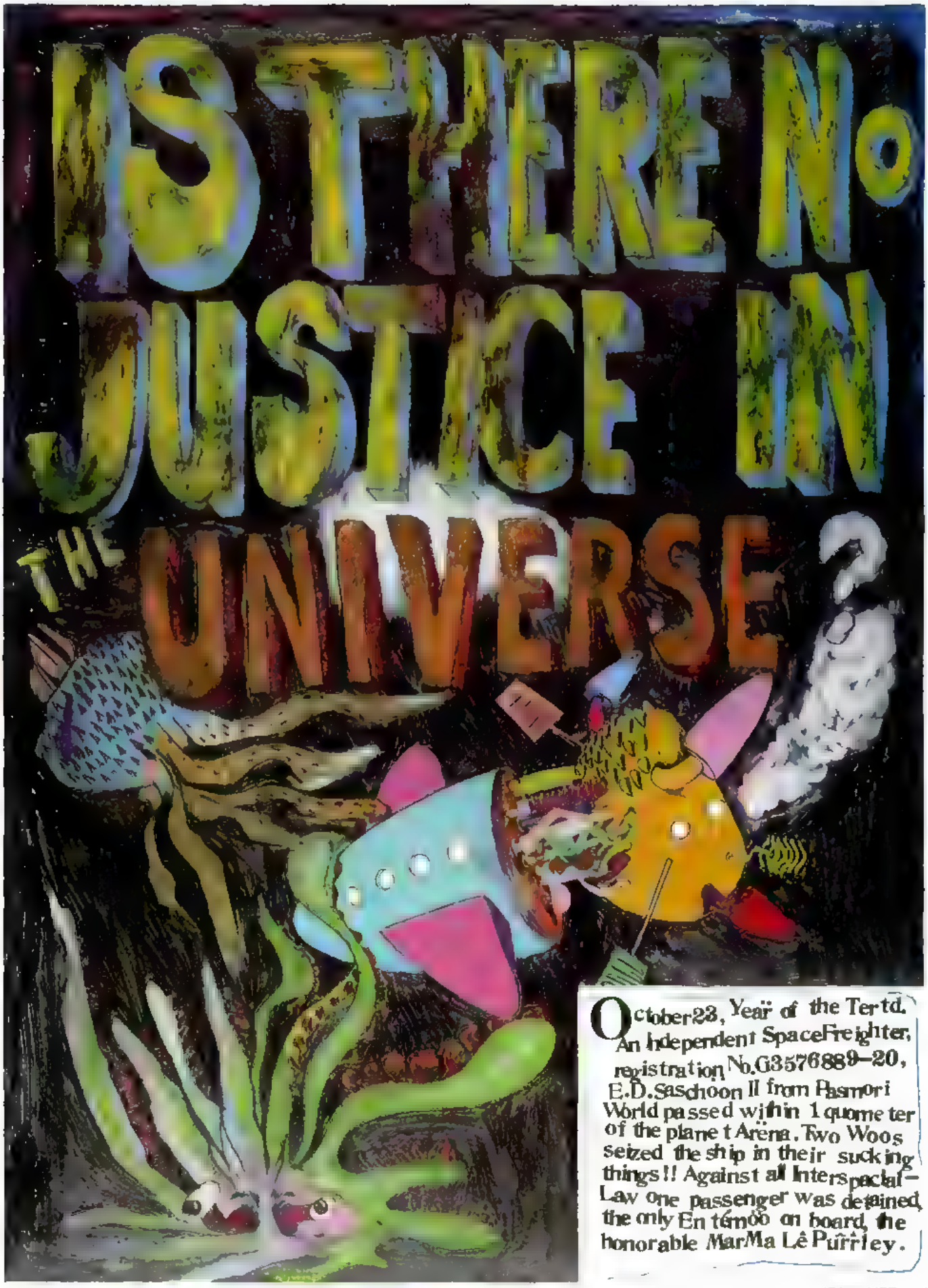
Dear Lou:

Oh my God, they're at it again. "Comics are terrible, moan, moan." Shit, I've been hearing that stuff for years, and for the most part, it's been: "Comics are terrible, nod, nod." Very rarely has it been, "Boy these comics are crap, let's do something about them."

Let's be honest, the American comic book is at its roots escapist literature for the young, at which it succeeds quite well. They are not Herman Melville, or Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or Hunter Thompson, or Philip K. Dick, they are the comics—with their own inbuilt strengths and limitations. Other countries' comics, to our adult eyes, may seem better, but I've seen the material you've printed and stuff you haven't, and frankly the French have produced a lot of clunkers, too. (Personally, I love and enjoy Japanese *Anime* comics. I can't read them, however they are visually wonderful and I can understand them.) Also, I'd like to say that some of the people complaining about the problems in comics are in part responsible for those problems—they help/helped keep the stereotypes going. And if they look, they'll find books well drawn, not "flashy," and comics well written, not clumsy or steeped in *Sturm und Drang*. And finally, about the crap in comics, I simply respond the way Ted Sturgeon responded to the fan who claimed 90% of all science fiction was crap, "Well, 90% of *everything* is crap."

Walter E. Rittenhouse
Levittown, PA

That is the leading edge of response to our March 1983 "What's Wrong with Comics" symposium. Lots more next month.—ls


IS THERE NO JUSTICE IN THE UNIVERSE?
October 23, Year of the Ter td. An Independent Space Freighter, registration No. G3576889-20, E.D. Saschoon II from Pasmori World passed within 1 quome ter of the plane t Arena. Two Woos seized the ship in their sucking things!! Against all Interspacial-Law one passenger was detained, the only En témoo on board, the honorable MarMa Lê Purrley.

The Entémòò, upon its unlawful imprisonment immediately began sending out Organic Soft-Thoughts..... for help of course. Most of the stable of Gödz capable of picking up SOS's were busy. That is, all but one..... Lûttii, Guardian of Individual Space, Eastern Sector, Introductory Universe.
Why Me?!
Pa
HELP
Hey, Help! help!
BOO!
Hah, another chance to help the unfortunate!
HEARING THE PLEAS, LÛTII TRANSFORMS...

I come to protect the Entémöö !
Lûttii ?? Never heard of such an animal ! Do you Champion the Entémöö ?
I am Lûttii ! Why do you torture this innocent and docile flesh ?
Upon Lûttii's transformation to the Grand Arëna a ferocious mass with a hundred green legs, tusks and a slimy digestive unit ATTACKS ! A Monster be a match for a God ? Let's hope not ! The crowd roars it's approval ! Lûttii is bewildered... "Do they Love me or the gore ?"

This is a cruel and evil World. Pain and suffering are games; Life and Death a sport to pay admission to!
CHEF
Oh, Great Lûttii don't be so hasty.....if we'd known a God cared.....please just meet some of the good.....

When did you first know this was such an evil planet?
Is there a Mrs. backhome?
No, no I'm the one who got saved !?!
Determined to Purify this insensitive world Lûttil agrees to give an interview to the Media. He accepts a daily slot as a guest host on 'Video-Tel Today' and a Column in the afternoon 'ARENA TIMES'. OOhoh yeah, the Entémiò...well, you know, there are sacrifices. But, who's worried; I mean, statistic-ly, we have to keep a grasp of the bigger picture..
ARENA
He's just a born Entertainer.
Gee, Dad didn't ya like it when the God got real angry....
But, dad, why didn't Lûttil just put the monster to sleep?
After all, Lûttil is very popular now and that's all that really matters.

June 2050

"I GUESS I ALWAYS THOUGHT WE WOULD GO OUT WITH A BIG BANG
" BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SLOW DECAY..
" IS WHERE IT'S AT
"A LOT OF PEOPLE FELT MORE SECURE WHEN WE WERE TOLD THAT DAISEY WALTER WAS BEHIND THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX "
THIS GUY DON'T HAVE ANTLERS!
GENETIC DEFECT!
" NOT ME
"SHE ANNOUNCED HER RETURN FROM THE 'DEAD' WHEN SHE PURCHASED MANHATTAN AND CONVERTED IT INTO .
"...YET ANOTHER DAISEYLAND!"
FUN CITY
PINK PALACE
5TH AVE
THE VILLAGE
LIVE FAIRIES
TIMES SQUARE
THE BOWERY
HOTEL
ONE WAY
MID DLE CLASS
AND MCCY
AND THAT CONCLUDES OUR BROADCASTING DAY
AND NOW OUR ANTHEM M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-O-S-E .

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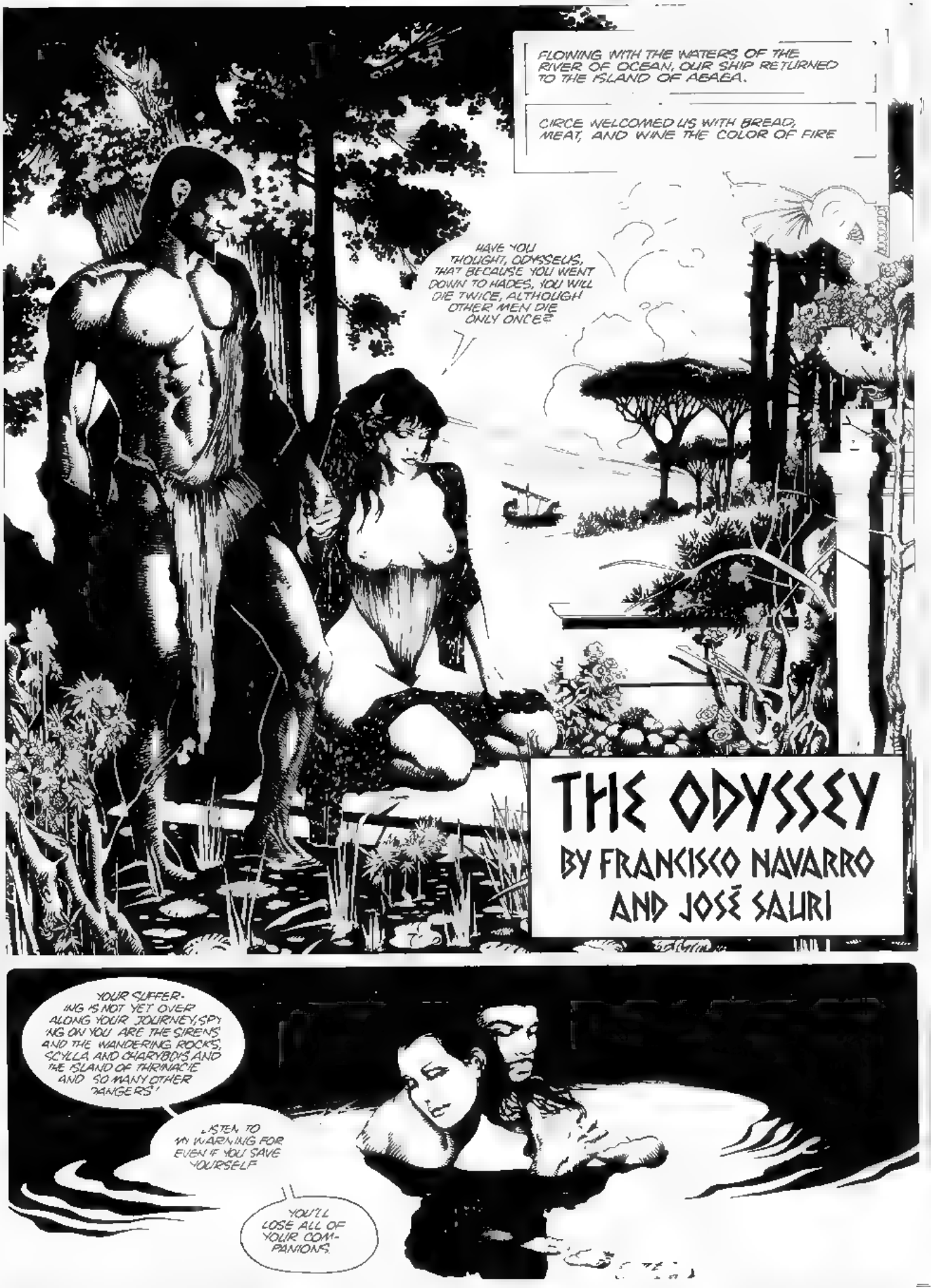

FLOWING WITH THE WATERS OF THE RIVER OF OCEAN, OUR SHIP RETURNED TO THE ISLAND OF AEAEA.
CIRCE WELCOMED US WITH BREAD, MEAT, AND WINE THE COLOR OF FIRE
HAVE YOU THOUGHT, ODYSSEUS, THAT BECAUSE YOU WENT DOWN TO HADES, YOU WILL DIE TWICE, ALTHOUGH OTHER MEN DIE ONLY ONCE?
THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO AND JOSÉ SAURI
YOUR SUFFERING IS NOT YET OVER. ALONG YOUR JOURNEY, SPYING ON YOU ARE THE SIRENS AND THE WANDERING ROCKS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS AND THE ISLAND OF THRINACIE AND SO MANY OTHER DANGERS!
LISTEN TO MY WARNING FOR EVEN IF YOU SAVE YOURSELF
YOU'LL LOSE ALL OF YOUR COMPANIONS.

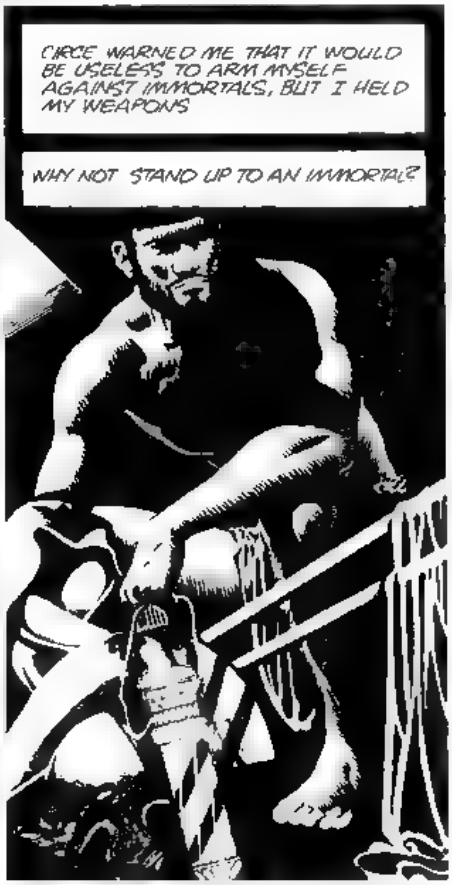
I REMEMBERED HER WARNING VIVIDLY AS WE DREW CLOSER TO THE SOUND OF THE SIRENS
I TOOK A MOUND OF WAX
I SOFTENED IT AND PLUGGED ALL MY MEN'S EARS. I MADE THEM BIND ME TO THE MAST
I WARNED THE MEN THAT THE MORE I BEGGED THEM AND ORDERED THEM TO UNTIE ME THE MORE FIRMLY THEY SHOULD BIND ME IN THAT LAY OUR SALVATION!
AND AS WE SAILED FROM THE COAST I HEARD THE SIRENS!
THEY BECKONED ME. BEGGING THAT I STOP THAT I STRAIN TO THEM. THAT I GO WITH THEM. AND I, DESIRED WITH ALL MY SOUL TO PLEASE THEM

UNTIE ME! PLEASE! IF ONLY FOR A FEW MOMENTS, FRIENDS! I BEG YOU, FREE ME!
GODDESS YOUR VOICE IS SO BEAUTIFUL
SO BEAUTI-FUL!
ONLY WHEN I NO LONGER HEARD THEIR SONG DID MY FAITH-FUL COMPANIONS LOOSEN MY BONDS.
A SHORT WHILE LATER, WE SPOTTED A CLOUD OF SMOKE AND HEARD THE DIN OF THE CRASHING WAVES OF THE WANDER-ING ROCKS. MY MEN WERE GRIPPED WITH FEAR!
IT WAS TIME TO RETURN TO MY COMMAND

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, FRIENDS? WE'RE NOT NEWCOMERS TO PERIL! WE ESCAPED THE CYCLOPS AND HADES, THANKS TO MY COURAGE AND CONCENTRATION. OBEY ME AND ZEUS WILL HELP US.
GRAB YOUR OARS AND STRIKE THE WAVES! TAKE HEART!

ONLY I KNEW WHAT THREATENED US IN THE CHANNEL

ONLY I KNEW WHAT WATCHED US FROM THE DARK WALLS


CIRCE WARNED ME THAT IT WOULD BE USELESS TO ARM MYSELF AGAINST IMMORTALS, BUT I HELD MY WEAPONS
WHY NOT STAND UP TO AN IMMORTAL?

I CLIMBED TO THE SHIP'S FOREDECK, PREPARED TO FIGHT FOR MYSELF AND MY COMRADES.

I WAITED AND WAITED, WATCHING INTENTLY, BUT THE DANGER DIDN'T APPEAR

AND MY EYES TIRED FROM THE STRAIN OF THE DARK GROTTO

MY ATTENTION WAS CAUGHT BY CHARYBDIS, WHO SUCKED DOWN THE WATERS WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, AND I FELT THE SAME ANGUISH AS THE OTHERS

IF SHE ENSNARED US, WE WOULD BE DESTROYED!

AND THEN, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OUR CARELESSNESS SHE ATTACKED
LIKE A FISHERMAN CAPTURING INSIGNIFICANT SMALL FISH.
SHE, THE PERISHABLE PLAGUE, TERRIBLE AND CRUEL
SHE THE IMMORTAL SCYLLA.

CIRCE WAS RIGHT NOTHING COULD BE DONE!
OF EVERYTHING I HAD SUFFERED IN OUR JOURNEYS, I HAD NEVER LAID EYES ON SUCH HORROR! WE WERE CURSED!

TO BE CONTINUED

MARLOWSKITZ
♪ NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEEN. NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME! ♪
BROOO
AT LEAST THE AIR CONDITIONER WORKS. I HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT ALL OF THE WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE KEPT LOCKED, SO THAT NOT A DRIPLET OF HOT AIR CAN FILTER THROUGH. NOT A DROP. NOT A THREAD.. NOT A PINCH
MARLOW PRIVATE DETECTIVE
WHAT A DAY.. SUCH A DAY..
YEAH, BUT THAT DAMNED AMOEBA-FACE IS GOING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY!
SCH SCH
BRAAA

SHINK
WH—?
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?
REMAIN CALM. THAT LASER LOOKS LIKE A MEAN MOFO. A LITTLE NUDGE AND IT WOULD MEAN CURTAINS FOR ME.
ONE SECOND! I HAVE TO TAKE OUT THE SIMULTANEOUS INTERPRETER.
OKAY, NOW YOU CAN SPEAK
ANGLE OF TILT
90°
HIS WHINING IS GOING TO DO ME IN FOR SURE. COME ON, MIKE. COME THROUGH FOR ME!

PHIL!
EXCUSE ME. THERE'S THE PHONE. HELLO? YES, IT'S ME. OKAY I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE. DON'T MOVE!
I SAID, I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE!
AND YOU! DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY!
I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU FOR A BIT, BUT I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN. I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S REALLY A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.
OH, DON'T CRY.. PLEASE!
LUB!
MMM
MIKE BAR
BAR
BRODO
THANKS FOR PHONING ME, MIKE. I'VE HAD IT WITH THAT GUY.
NOT AT ALL, PHIL!
I SAW HIM GO BY, AND I FIGURED HE WAS ON HIS WAY UP TO SEE YOU. IS HE ALWAYS SO DEPRESSED?
YEAH, MOST OF THE TIME. HE'S USED TO THE FRIGID TEMPERATURE OF HIS OWN PLANET. THIS HEAT IS KILLING HIM. HE'S REALLY OKAY, BUT HE CLINGS TO ME... JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET RID OF HIM
WHY DO YOU BOTHER WITH HIM? KICK HIM OUT!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED SO MUCH
BECAUSE, FRANKLY, WHAT THE HELL BETTER DO I HAVE TO DO WITH MY TIME? SO THE LITTLE GUY IS IN LOVE WITH MY AIR CONDITIONER! BIG DEAL!
I'LL SEE YOU, MIKE!
HOLY... STOP IT!
STOP CRYING MY GOD, THE AIR CONDITIONER IS BROKEN
HE'S GONE! NOT EVEN THE MAYTAG REPAIRMAN COULD SAVE HIM NOW
END
BERTONI & BUROW

Could it be? By George, it is! After a six month quest, a newsstand that hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!

Don't be without this month's *Heavy Metal* like this guy almost was.

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ZORA

SO FAR AMON CONTINUES TO RECOVER FROM HIS WOUNDS UNDER THE WATCHFUL MECHANICAL EYE OF THE AUTO-MEDIC ZORA MEANWHILE, IS OVERTAKEN BY A REVERIE OF FORGOTTEN MEMORIES WHEN DURING A PATROL HER SHIP WANDERED INTO A SWARM OF METEORS MOMENTS BEFORE IMPACT, ALL MOVEMENT AROUND HER SLOWED TO A NEAR-HALT, WHILE SHE, HERSELF, WAS UNAFFECTED DONNING HER SPACE SUIT, SHE WENT OUT FOR A STROLL
T WAS SOMETHING STRANGE AND UNIMAGINABLE
T APPEARED TO BE SLIPPERY WITH SMOOTH UNDULATING FOLDS OF FLESH PULSATING IN THE VACUUM LIKE A LIVING, PROTOPLASMIC ORGAN AN OPENING SUDDENLY APPEARED IN ITS SURFACE AND THE BUBBLE ENFOLDING ZORA WAS ENGULFED.

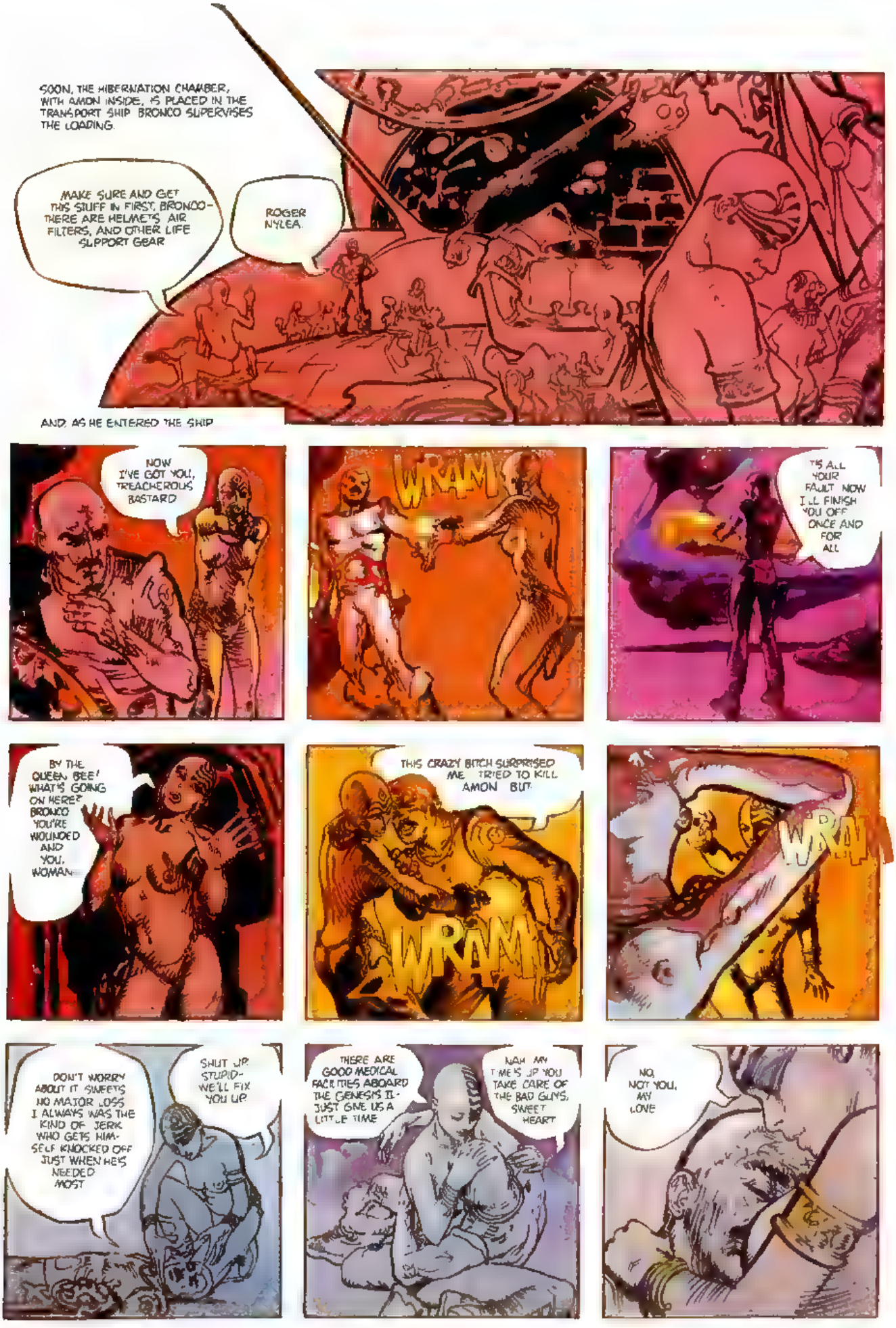
WHILE SHE SLOWLY BEGAN TO REGAIN HER SENSES AND TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HER
THOSE LIGHTS THAT SURROUNDED ME THEN THE TRIP THROUGH SPACE FROM MY SHIP TO THIS STRANGE THING
IT LOOKS ALIVE ITS THROBBING BUT NO IT CAN'T BE IT MUST BE A MECHANICAL OBJECT SOMETHING CONSTRUCTED BY SOME ALIEN TECHNOLOGY
BUT WHO IS IN CONTROL? AND WHAT ARE THEY AFTER?
FEELING LIKE A GUINEA PIG IN A CAGE ZORA WAITED FOR SOME KIND OF SIGN

SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR VERY LONG. THINGS SUDDENLY BEGAN TO MOVE ALL AROUND HER
BY THE QUEEN BEE! WHAT ARE THESE TENTACLES DOING TO ME? THEY'RE STICKING TO MY SKIN, BUT THEY DON'T HURT
MY ANXIETY SEEMS TO BE DISAPPEARING- THEY MUST BE INJECTING TRANQUILIZERS INTO MY SYSTEM. MAYBE THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT SCARING ME TO DEATH.
HEY! WHOEVER'S IN CHARGE HERE- LISTEN TO ME! I'M NO MORE SCARED THAN YOU'D BE IF YOU WERE IN MY SHOES JUST COME OUT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU AND TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!
MAYBE I SHOULD BE MORE FORCEFUL-EVEN CURSE A LITTLE BIT I COULD FIRE A WARNING SHOT
DON'T BE A FOOL AND GIVE IN TO YOUR PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS, CAPTAIN ZORA
HUH? HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME, RANK, AND LANGUAGE?
I KNOW EVERYTHING THAT'S STORED IN YOUR BRAIN
HOW YOU SEE YOURSELF AND WHAT YOU REMEMBER OF YOUR PAST
YOU'RE READING MY MIND!
THAT'S CORRECT I HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR ENTIRE MIND- CONSCIOUS, UNCONSCIOUS, AND MEMORY
OH YEAH?
YOU CARBON-CHAIN BEINGS IN THE SECOND EVOLUTIONARY STAGE HAVE INTELLECTS THAT ARE QUITE ELEMENTARY
AND YOU HAVE THE TENDENCY TO OVER-RATE YOURSELVES

OKAY MASTER SO I'M A MEMBER OF SOME PATHETIC INFERIOR SPECIES. I STILL WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'RE UP TO
YOUR IGNORANCE IS SO PROFOUND THAT YOUR ENTIRE LIFE-CYCLE WOULD NOT GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO EXPLAIN THE ESSENCE THAT GIVES ME LIFE
BUT I WILL ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE SOME OF IT FOR YOU— ADJUSTING OF COURSE, FOR YOUR MISERABLY LOW LEVEL OF UNDERSTANDING.
I DETECTED A PROTECTIVE FORCE FLOWING TOWARD YOU FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE GALAXY IT WAS THAT FORCE THAT SAVED YOU FROM DYING IN YOUR SHIP.
BY CONCENTRATING YOUR TIME MATRIX IN RELATION TO THE OTHERS BUT YOU WERE STILL IN DANGER, SO FOLLOWING THE CODE OF NUS, I RESCUED YOU.
THE PROTECTIVE FORCE HAS ASSIGNED YOU A CRUCIAL ROLE IN THE FUTURE SURVIVAL OF YOUR SPECIES. TOGETHER WITH A REPRODUCTIVE PARTNER THEY ARE GUIDING TOWARDS YOU. I WILL SHOW THIS MAN TO YOU. SINCE EVERYTHING YOU SEE HERE WILL ONLY REGISTER IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS AND BE INSTANTLY FORGOTTEN.
YOU'RE CRAZY! THESE THINGS YOU ARE SHOWING ME ARE NAUSEATING! IT'S A LIE! YOU'RE TRYING TO CONFUSE ME!
I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR DESTINY IS PREDETERMINED ON ANOTHER SPATIAL/ TEMPORAL PLANE
AND FURTHERMORE, CONVINCING YOU OF THIS IS NO JOB FOR A SEMI-BIOLOGICAL PROBE FROM THE EPTAL STRATUM OF INJS. I WILL SEND YOU OUT TO MEET A SISTERHOOD SHIP THAT IS COMING TO GET YOU!
...AND RETURN TO MY PRIMARY TASK OF OBSERVING THIS GALACTIC ARM. I NOW RELINQUISH YOU TO YOUR DESTINY.
WHAT A BLOODY STRAIN IT WAS TO LOWER MYSELF TO SUCH A MINISCULE MENTAL LEVEL AND TO THINK, THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE IS CRAWLING WITH THEM!

JUST AS SMOOTHLY AS SHE'D BEEN RESCUED, ZORA IS EJECTED BY THE HUGE ORGANISM AND DEPOSITED AT A DISTANCE CALCULATED TO INSURE HER DETECTION BY THE HONEYCOMB'S PATROL.
LIEUTENANT! DID YOU SEE THAT FLASH OF LIGHT?
YES, IT WAS TOO FAINT TO BE ANYTHING SIZABLE.
ATTENTION HUMAN BODY FLOATING IN SECTOR 45-18!
BY THE QUEEN BEE! THAT'S CAPTAIN ZORA!
AND SHE'S ALIVE. SHE HAS BETTER LUCK THAN HER CREW...
MISSION COMPLETED. PATROL SHIP RETURNING TO HONEYCOMB!
SO, IT WAS THAT STRANGE FORCE AGAIN. NOW I UNDERSTAND HOW I SURVIVED THE ACCIDENT
AND IF THEY'VE CHOSEN ME FOR THE PERPETUATION OF THE SPECIES, HOW CAN THEY LET MY REPRODUCTIVE PARTNER DIE? IT'S ABSURD
ZORA, DEPRESSED AND IMPOTENT, IS AT A LOSS TO UNDERSTAND THIS "PREFABRICATED DESTINY" THAT UNKNOWN FORCES HAVE OBLIGED HER TO FULFILL. SHE FEELS LIKE A PAWN IN SOME CRUEL COSMIC GAME.
DID THEY SAVE ME IN ORDER TO SUBJECT ME TO THE WORST PAIN IMAGINABLE? OH, AMON, MY LOVE...
MUST I ATONE FOR THE SINS OF AN INSANE RACE? NOTHING MAKES ANY SENSE TO ME. HOW CAN I FIGHT AGAINST SOMETHING WITHOUT KNOWING WHY I'M FIGHTING?
AM I TO BE THE HOPE, THE SALVATION OF HUMANITY'S FUTURE? AND I WANT NOTHING MORE THAN AMON'S LIFE!
ZORA, COME WITH ME. WE'VE GOT TO SPEAK WITH YOU!

THE AUTO-MEDIC TECHNICIANS CAN'T GUARANTEE AMON'S SURVIVAL
THE TRANSFUSION OF ROB'S BLOOD JUST MANAGED TO MOMENTARILY STABILIZE HIM
THEY'RE AFRAID HIS CONDITION WILL DETERIORATE AND HE'LL DIE
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
IN CASES AS CRITICAL AS THIS THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE IS HIBERNATION.
NO! I COULDN'T STAND THAT!
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND ZORA- WE HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK DECISION. IT WILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS TO PREPARE HIM FOR HIBERNATION.
AND WE CAN'T BE SURE THE HONEY COMB WILL STILL BE HERE TOMORROW. YOU AND AMON WILL BE TAKEN ABOARD A TRANSPORT SHIP AND FERRIED TO THE GENESIS II SO IF SHARTA DESTROYS THE SATELLITE YOU TWO AT LEAST WILL BE SAFE
KYLEA AN URGENT MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM CAPTAIN TURA!
PROCEED WITH THE EVACUATION PLAN KYLEA. SHARTA'S GIVEN US AN ULTIMATUM SHE'S THREATENING TO BLOW THE REACTORS IN THE PALACE OF ENERGY IF WE DON'T SURRENDER
I HOPE WE'LL BE ABLE TO STOP HER- OR AT LEAST STALL FOR A LITTLE TIME
VERY GOOD, TURA. WE'LL START MOVING OUT. GOOD LUCK!


SOON, THE HIBERNATION CHAMBER, WITH AMON INSIDE, IS PLACED IN THE TRANSPORT SHIP BRONCO SUPERVISES THE LOADING.
MAKE SURE AND GET THIS STUFF IN FIRST, BRONCO- THERE ARE HELMETS AIR FILTERS, AND OTHER LIFE SUPPORT GEAR
ROGER NYLEA.
AND, AS HE ENTERED THE SHIP
NOW I'VE GOT YOU, TREACHEROUS BASTARD
WRAM
'TIS ALL YOUR FAULT NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL
BY THE QUEEN BEE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? BRONCO YOU'RE WOUNDED AND YOU, WOMAN
THIS CRAZY BITCH SURPRISED ME TRIED TO KILL AMON BUT
WRAM
WRAM
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT SWEETS NO MAJOR LOSS I ALWAYS WAS THE KIND OF JERK WHO GETS HIMSELF KNOCKED OFF JUST WHEN HE'S NEEDED MOST
SHUT UP STUPID- WE'LL FIX YOU UP
THERE ARE GOOD MEDICAL FACILITIES ABOARD THE GENESIS II- JUST GIVE US A LITTLE TIME
NAH MY TIME'S UP YOU TAKE CARE OF THE BAD GUYS, SWEET HEART
NO, NOT YOU, MY LOVE

BRONCO'S DEATH DISMAYS HIS FRIENDS. BUT THEY BEAR UP AND DEVOTE THEIR ATTENTION TO THEIR ALL IMPORTANT MISSION
WE'LL DO IT TOGETHER, NYLEA
WE MUST BURY BRONCO NEAR WHERE HE WAS BORN. LIKE HE WANTED HE WAS A GOOD DECENT MAN
NO, ZORA. YOUR FUTURE'S ALL SET FOR YOU. YOU STILL HAVE HOPE. BECAUSE YOU ARE OUR HOPE. ALL I WANT IS REVENGE. HONOR MY DECISION AND LEAVE ME WITH HIM.
IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO FIND TRUTH AND LOVE. I HATE THIS DAMNED WORLD OF INTOLERANCE AND HATRED. WE MUST DESTROY THE VERY SEEDS OF THIS FANATICISM. FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS
WE SHOULD SAVE NYLEA, EVEN IF SHE DOESN'T WISH TO BE SAVED.
NO, ROB. HIS IS WHAT SHE WANTS. IT'S HER OWN KIND OF SALVATION.
THE HATCH IS OPEN. TURA KEPT HER PROMISE.
OUR PATH IS CLEAR TO THE GENESIS II— AND WE CAN HELP THEM BY FIRING FROM ABOVE.
FOR A SECOND THE IMAGE OF HER BELOVED BRONCO GLEAMS IN [illegible] HARDENS INTO STEEL. BATTLE AWAITS HER.
IN THE PALACE OF ENERGY, SHARTA AND HER TROOPS FIGHT DESPERATELY. FROM HER COMMAND POST SHE CONTROLS THE REACTORS, THE UNLEASHED POWER OF WHICH CAN DESTROY [illegible]

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

#1/APRIL '77· SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77 Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival and more.

#3/JUNE '77 Macedo's Rockblitz, highly praised Shells, beginning of Davis's World Apart, Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77· Lots of Moebius, Arzach, part 1 of The Long Tomorrow, conclusion of Sunpot.

#5/AUGUST '77. The saga of Polonius begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes and World Apart and Den continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera, plus more. World Apart, Den and Polonius.

#7/OCTOBER '77 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's Airtight Garage, Den and Polonius back again, yet more.

#8/NOVEMBER '77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for Polonius and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77 Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Caveloux and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78. Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, Conquering Armies concludes, Den continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78 New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al.

#12/MARCH '78· Swashbuckling Orion debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more Barbarella, Urm, and Den.

#13/APRIL '78. Our 1st anniversary issue. A 30-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78 Urm the Mad waves bye-bye, but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78 Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated, more Barbarella and the origins of He-Man.

#16/JULY '78· A happy ending for Barbarella, a sad ending for 1996, resumption of Druillet's Gail, more He-Man, Orion, More Than Human, and Corben's Arabian Nights.

#17/AUGUST '78 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78 Exterminator 17, Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin, debut of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous, plus usual pages of the Delany/Chaykin Empire, more Sindbad, Exterminator, Major Gruber, Heilman's final rebirth, more.

#20/NOVEMBER '78. Twenty

#21/DECEMBER '78 The stocking's full with Orion, Kirchner's Tarot and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79 Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes Gail, plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79· Galactic Geographic, Starcrown, Corben's Sindbad, McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous, plus Moebius, Bilal and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79 Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination, Starcrown II and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79· SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79 It's all-American except for Druillet's Dancin' and a Proust joke) 16 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated Alien.

#27/JUNE '79 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79 Bodé's Zooks premieres, Corben's Sindbad concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79 Caza steals show with New Ark City, plus Mayerik, Suydam, Galactic Geographic, Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79 Elric, Buck Rogers, a lizard named Elvis and Little Red V-3, along side Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79 A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79 Let's give thanks for Corben's Rowlf, Bodé's Zooks, Brunner's Elric, Chaykin's The Stars My Destination, Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79 A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Koloed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius and Ellison.

#34/JANUARY '80 A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Nea McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben's Rowlf, and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80 An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's The Beast of Walton begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80. Why did The Crevasse take Jeannelle? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations.

#37/APRIL '80 Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of Champakou in living color, final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé and more!

#38/MAY '80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell.

#39/JUNE '80· Champakou meets his fate while Captain Sternn saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Walendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80 The Alchemist Supreme continues, Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80 Druillet returns with the 1st installment of Salammbo, while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed), Bilal continues "Progress."

#42/SEPTEMBER '80· The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet.

#43/OCTOBER '80 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Caveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett and Bilal.

#45/DECEMBER '80 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81 Tex Arcana, John Findley's epic Western, begins. What's Reality, Papa? and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue. Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81: Art and the Nazis, Corben's Bloodstar, Giménez's Good-bye Soldier, Harry North's Stories from London and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81 Premiers of Chaykin's Cody Starbuck and Bilal's The Immortals. Fête. Plus Suydam's The Toll Bridge and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81 The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Starlin's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's Changes winds up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman.

#52/JULY 81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST 81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER 81 Jeronaton s Egg of the World Jeff Jones Segre les and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane D llon beautifu y

#57/DECEMBER '81 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82 Our Happy Future ssue Includes Arno Lou stal Voss He and G llon and The Autonomous Man by Davis Chid now and Ba four All surrounded by Chayk n and Simonson Segrelles Steranko et a

#59/FEBRUARY 82 Begins w th a further adventure of John Difool in The Incal Light Wein and Chaykins Gideon Faust gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Specia Rock Issue featur ng Dick Matena s A Life n the Day a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon Lu s Garcia s Nova 2 begins Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult P us our regulars Mercenary Den Rock Opera etc Enjoy

#61/APRIL 82· Our 5th anniversary ssue offers a variety of mate r al What with Clave oux Dru llet Moebius Bi al and an essay on J G Ballard you ll be busy unti our 6th!

#62/MAY 82. In this issue we give you the 1st part of Dav d B ack s Third Sexual Revolution and let you look at The Art of De Es Schwertberger Plus Sixteen and Vanil a by Ted Wh te and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE 82 We proud y br ng you our Fantastic C ties issue With art sts Voss Caza Scibelli and R Crumb A l surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schu ten and Fernandez Enjoy

#64/JULY '82 Marce e and La come s strange Life at the C rcus and pages from Corben s *Flights i to Fantasy* Plus Jones Garcia Dru llet etc

#65/AUGUST 82 We proud y pre sent Jones and Wrightson s Freak Show and Pisu and Manara s The Ape P us the finale of The Inca Light by Moeb us and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 We give you Hecht s Music-Video Inter face Lupoff s Barsoom and Hinge s Object Plus our regulars B a Fernandez K erkegaard etc

#67/OCTOBER 82 You ll have Scary Dreams after reading our spec a horror sect on. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible Don t read t alone! P S Last part of Black s Third Sexual Revolut on

#68/NOVEMBER '82 Part 1 of Kaluta s Starstruck F ndley s Tex Arcana continues as does Den II and Druillet s Yragael Plus a peek at Wrightson s *National Lam poon s C ass Reunion*

#69/DECEMBER 82 A W ll Stone Ga ery the return of Suydam s Mudwog and Mark Fisher s Amino Men Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez and Kierke gaard

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conc usion to Wrightson s Freak Show " a look at *The Dark Crystal* and our regulars Manara Corben Fernandez, etc Happy reading

#71/FEBRUARY '83· The making of the f lm *The Entity*, Kim Deitch s *Eating Raoul*, and our regulars Cor ben Ka uta Crepax etc

#72/MARCH '83 We bid a fond farewe l to Den and Kath and a warm welcome to Bilal s C ty that Didn t Exist A Gallery on Robert Williams, p us Manara Kaluta and more

#73/APRIL '83 Moebius s The Twinkle n Fildegar s Eye and Saurs The Odyssey a ong with Ka uta Crepax and John Workman

#74/MAY '83 Kaluta and Lee s stagestruck Starstruck," Marlow skulz the robotic detective and the conclus on of Manara and Pisu s The Ape " Sandwiched nicely between a front cover by Frank Ri ley and a back by Rick Meyerowitz!

#75/JUNE '83· Corben s Doomscult the end of Crepax s The Man from Harlem and a peek at the 3-D sc ence fict on thri er *Spacehunter*

#76/JULY 83 Liberatore s Ranxerox the end of Kaluta s Starstruck (for the time being), an nterv ew with Dan O Bannon and a g mpse at Ray Bradbury s *Dinosaur Tales*

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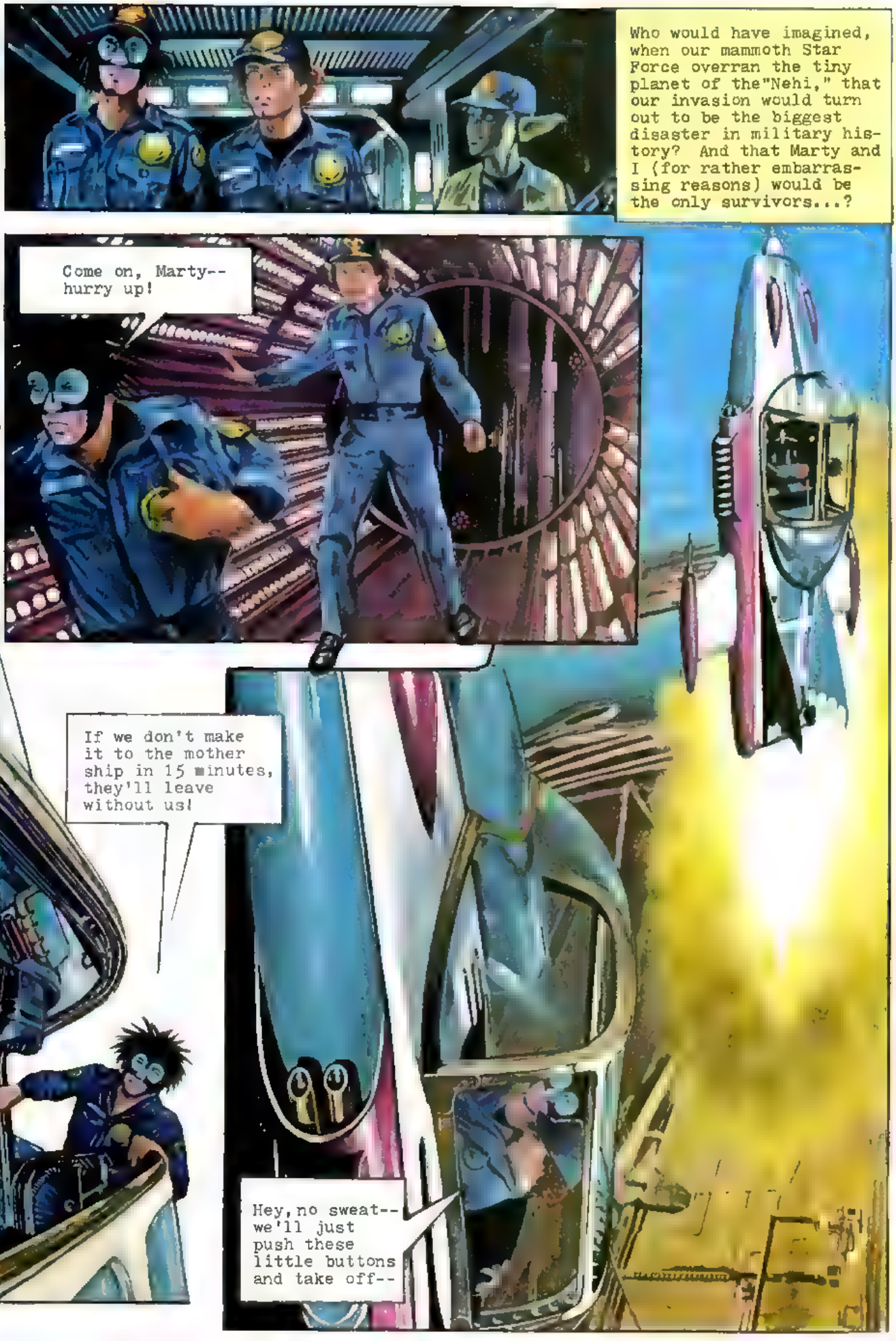
ROCK OPERA


Who would have imagined, when our mammoth Star Force overran the tiny planet of the"Nehi," that our invasion would turn out to be the biggest disaster in military history? And that Marty and I (for rather embarrassing reasons) would be the only survivors...?
Come on, Marty-- hurry up!
If we don't make it to the mother ship in 15 minutes, they'll leave without us!
Hey, no sweat-- we'll just push these little buttons and take off--

See, nothing to it. Let's take this baby out for a spin.
Maybe you should switch to the computer- we're about to dock--
Jesus, Marty! You just took a wing off the ship!
Gimme that joystick-- we're going to back in!
No, Marty! NO!
VROOM!

There was a confused lurch of perspective, a galloping ride down an endless black tunnel-
--and we found ourselves in a world of unearthly, almost sickening beauty.
CRASH!
What happened?
You pushed the hyper-space button when we were about to dock.
Frankly, I'm pretty sick of these ridiculous situations you keep getting us into.
I told you you'd end up hating me the first time we met--

It's really your fault for being my friend in the first place!
Besides, those things always looked so easy to drive in Star Wars...
Hey, look! A cute little dragon!
Ow Ow Ow! The bastard burned me!
Maybe we could sell them as novelty cigarette lighters, hun?
Excuse me, gentlemen, but I couldn't help flashing onto your bewilderment number. Welcome to Upper Lower Middle Earth, sometimes called Hyperbolia, sometimes called Southern Californ..
We get the picture. Who the hell are you?
Me? Why I'm a fairy, of course. Silly.

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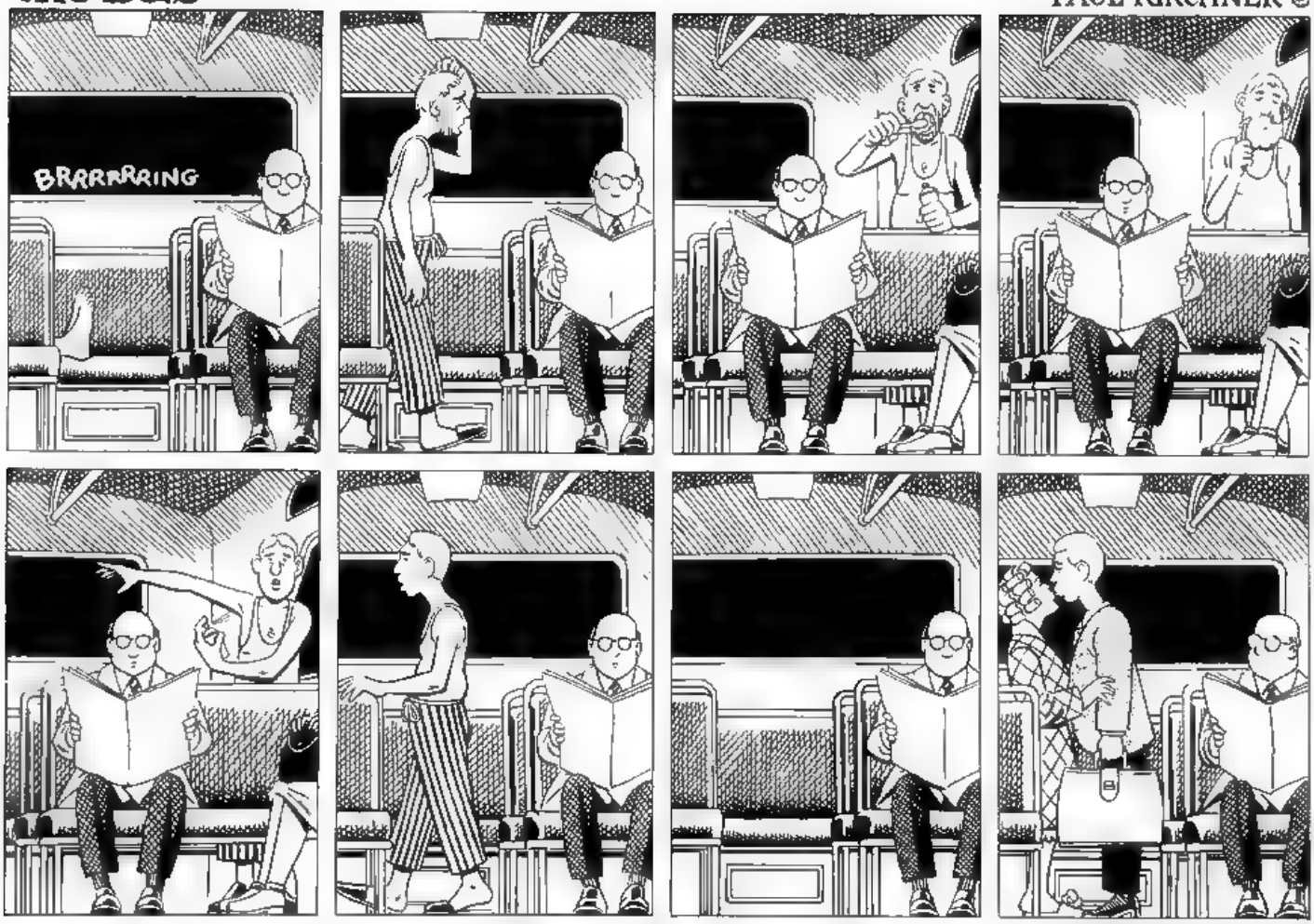
To be continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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